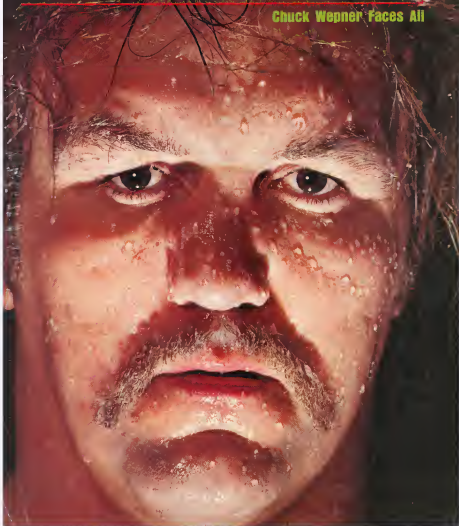


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 24, 1975 75 CENTS

BOXING'S STRANGE ENCOUNTER

Chuck Wepner Faces All



NEW CAMARO RALLY SPORT.



"Unfair," cried the ordinary cars.

"All's fair in love and cars," retorted Chevrolet, trotting out a knockout new version of Camaro, which was already one of the better looking numbers on the block.

The Camaro Rally Sport is a bright new option package available on either the Sport Coupe or Type LT, in your choice of five colors: red, white, silver, bright yellow or bright blue metallic.

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Rally wheels and dual sport mirrors are included in the package.

Available options (shown) include front and rear spoilers and special 15-inch body-color wheels with white-lettered tires. (The special wheels are available only with the Gymkhana Sport Suspension.)

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Wait until you walk around it, sit in it, take it on the road.

But don't wait long. Production is limited, and we'd hate for you to miss out.



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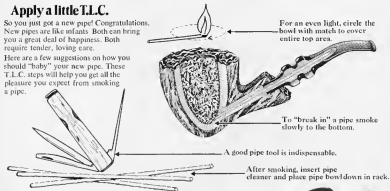
Chevrolet

The care and feeding of your pipe.

Apply a little T.L.C.

So you just got a new pipe! Congratulations. New pipes are like infants. Both can bring you a great deal of happiness. Both require tender, loving care.

Here are a few suggestions on how you should "baby" your new pipe. These T.L.C. steps will help you get all the pleasure you expect from smoking a pipe.



1. Before smoking your pipe for the first time, moisten a fingertip with water and rub it around the inside of the bowl. This will insulate the bowl against the heat of the first smoke. Then, be sure to use a quality tobacco. May we be so bold as to suggest Amphora?

2. To "break in" your pipe only half fill the bowl for the first few smokes. Tamp the tobacco evenly and be sure top surface of the tobacco is well lit. (See illustration above.)

3. When you pack a full bowl, press the tobacco lightly in the lower part, more firmly up on top.

4. To build an even "cake" smoke the tobacco slowly to the bottom. Occasionally tamp the ashes gently and relight immediately if light goes out.

5. A pipe should keep its cool. If yours is getting hot, set it aside, tamp the ashes and don't relight until the bowl feels comfortable in your hand.

6. When you've worked hard, you enjoy a rest. So does your chum, the pipe. Never refill a hot pipe. Let it cool and switch over to one of your other pipes. We can all use a little variety now and then.

7. When you finish a bowlful remove the ashes with your pipe tool. To absorb excess moisture insert a pipe cleaner in the shank and put your pipe to bed in a pipe rack, bowl face-down.

8. A layer of carbon will build up in the bowl of your pipe as you continue to use it. This is good as it improves the draft and provides even burning. But don't allow the carbon layer to be thicker than the thickness of a penny.

9. Build up a collection of pipes. (The right hint before your birthday, Father's Day or Christmas wouldn't hurt.) Rotate the use of your pipes, take good care of them, keep your pipes clean, and they'll return to you years of pleasure and contentment.



How to avoid tongue bite.

There are two possible reasons for tongue bite. One is excess heat in the bowl. Instead of puffing, draw slowly on your pipe, follow these nine steps and you'll go a long way toward avoiding the problem.

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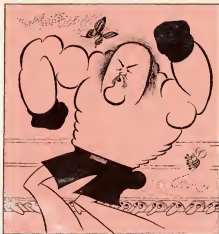
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Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

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Chuck Wepner took 120 stitches in his mouth after his 1971 fight with Sonny Liston, but Muhammad Ali says he will not be among the head when he goes into the ring. Nevertheless, if the butterfly flaps, and the bee buzzes, what is the likely result? About 220 pounds of ground Chuck

by Mark Keane



Arnold Böcklin

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After a sizzling duel at Sun Valley the World Cup standings were dead even

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Indiana looked untouchable in its NCAA opener, but the Wildcats have long claws.

by Cary Kirkpatrick

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A cruel sea journey completed, Sir Ernest Shackleton crosses a trackless icecap.

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Mem's David Wilkie swims to world records while yearning for another world

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The red dog was a companion of old but his walk is shaky now, his life almost spent

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Next Week

A FEARSOME FOURSOME will be all that remains in the NCAA basketball tournament when the regionals are completed. Barry McDermott reports on the uproar and upsets coast to coast, and analyzes the survivors.

STILL SLAMMING—and conning—Sam Snead as a fierce competitor whether hustling crows for \$5 a side or battling Nicklaus and Trevino for the PGA championship. John Underwood visits the 62-year-old marvel.

[illegible]

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Shopwalk

by FRANK DEFORD

A DARING REPORTER TRIES ON A THONG,
AND TELLS THE NAKED TRUTH ABOUT IT

Of all things assessed by so-called experts, clothes are the least competently analyzed. However inept a book reviewer may be, at least he must go to the trouble of reading a book; the movie critic watches a movie, the automobile adviser drives a car. Fashion authorities, however, deliver judgments merely by (so to speak) squeezing the Charnin-Especially when something radical or bizarre—or both in the case of the bathing suit known as the thong—is presented, it should be required of the experts themselves to try the bloody thing on, and not merely attend PR sessions or accept the doubtful evidence of glossy photographs peeped by individuals who look like driftwood.

I put on a thong. To be generous, I will say that it is only as uncomfortable as it appears. On the other hand, it is ugly.

Nonetheless I pay tribute to Rudi Gernreich, the designer of the thong; he was also creator of the topless bathing suit a decade ago. Gernreich, who seems to be rather a benign and more whimsical Clifford Irving, is only to be commended for securing gargantuan amounts of publicity from witless media-men who take his humbugs seriously.

Certainly it should be apparent by now that there are only so many basic ways to adorn the human body. It is not fashion merely to devise peculiar new arrangements, any more than it would be football with 14 men in the huddle. Gernreich's topless bathing suit managed somehow to make bare breasts unbecoming and, in the bargain, did equal esthetic violence to those portions of the body it covered. The thong is no less incompatible with the human form and is also frightfully painful. Wearing one feels rather like being held up on a meat hook, and to spare you the necessity of going through any hasty anatomical speculation, I have been assured that the thong is every bit as excruciating for chicks as it is for us fellas. There is some solace, perhaps, in that Gernreich has thus reduced unsex to a painful absurdity.

An excuse of sorts might be offered were the thong titillating. But, alas, when a thong and a thonger first peer at one another like Adam and Eve just after the initial apple bite, their thoughts are far from lascivious. Along with the agony there is the growing realization that all of the things on both of you are either out of shape or in the wrong place. As a daring swimsuit, the thong manages to be discouraging for swimming and sex alike.

END

here's johnny!



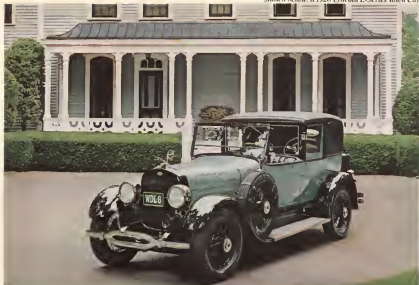
You know, the closer it gets to spring, the more I start thinking about keeping cool. I like ice cream. And I like this suit. It's from my spring collection. The trim on the pockets is something special and the fabric is crisp and cool. The thing that really knocks me out, though, is the color. It's called "French Vanilla." And it's made of a fabric I like a lot: Coachman Cloth. Just like my great blazer. Now that's cool."

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Shown below: a 1926 Lincoln L-Series Town Car



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many famous eights.
Among bourbons,
there is one.

**8-YEAR-OLD
WALKER'S
DELUXE**



SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

SMALL WORLD

Leonard Asimow, an associate professor of mathematics at the University of Wyoming, runs six or eight miles every day across the rolling plains of Laramie. Frequently, to add spice to his workouts and to take his mind off the 30-mph winds and temperatures in the 20s, he pretends he is in a race to the finish with Steve Prefontaine. A couple of weeks ago, not having seen a living creature on the plains since the last pronghorn antelope departed for the winter, he was managing by heroic effort to stay a few steps in front of Prefontaine when he was startled by a noise behind him.

Asimow looked back warily. It was a runner. "Do you compete?" he asked after a while, appreciating a stranger's stride. "Yes," was the reply. "Are you from Oregon?" The suspicion was dawning on Asimow. "Yes," said the runner. "You wouldn't happen to be Steve Prefontaine?" He was, just out for a 20-mile spin while his Dodge van was being repaired in a local garage. Prefontaine the last mile to the Wyoming gym. Asimow ran for his life.

THAT'S EARL, BROTHER

When last we left him, Earl Anthony (SI, Nov. 25, 1974) was moving—exorably, as it turned out—toward becoming the Professional Bowling Association's first \$100,000-a-year man. He missed his goal by \$415, but rather than deflate him the setback seems only to have turned a whetted appetite ravenous. This year Anthony opened on a tear every bit as devastating as Johnny Miller's in golf.

After nine tournaments, he has two wins, two seconds and a third. His earnings—\$33,900—are ahead of the \$19,110 he had made by the end of nine tournaments in 1974. His scoring is up, too. Two years ago he set a season record with a 215 average. He improved that to 219 last year and this week was a mile over that.

It all projects out to at least eight and possibly 10 wins in 1975 and the kind of

money that was making Arnold Palmer rich only 12 years back. While Anthony won six of 28 tournaments last season, he will have from 32 to 35 to aim at this year and some \$200,000 more in purses, which are expected to total about \$2.5 million. Because pro bowling now outdraws college basketball and golf on Saturday afternoon TV, ABC has extended the winter series from 14 to 16 weeks. Anthony doubtlessly would be verging on national celebrity were he not hopelessly uncharismatic. To improve his image, his children persuaded him to grow his hair a while ago. He tried but soon was back to the old crew cut. Said the hair tickled his ears.

RATINGS AND CREDIBILITY

Several weeks ago the CBS-TV vice-president for sports, Robert Wussler, worried publicly that the New York Knicks, the Los Angeles Lakers and the Milwaukee Bucks would not make the National Basketball Association playoffs. His problem: markets—and the two biggest are New York City and L.A. As Wussler says, "People in Los Angeles are less apt to watch, say, a Buffalo-Boston playoff game than if the Lakers were involved." Milwaukee is a special case. It has Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who would be box office if he were playing for the Bemidji Blue Bottles.

CBS is in the second year of a three-year \$27 million contract to televise NBA games and playoffs. Without television revenues a number of the teams would be in serious financial trouble. And without solid ratings there possibly will be no further TV after the contract expires.

The obvious solution is to restock the racked-by-age Lakers and Knicks with established pros from the other clubs and assure their presence in the 1976 playoffs *et seq.* This would do nothing for the sport, however, or for the followers of Buffalo and Seattle and Houston and Kansas City-Omaha, who at last have teams that not only win with consistency but are fun to watch. Their turnaround

from have-nots to haves is what sport is, or should be, all about.

Now comes news that Abdul-Jabbar wants to leave Milwaukee. The NBA's most valuable player in three of the last five seasons is reported to have said he will play only in New York, where he was born, or in Los Angeles, where he went to college. It will do nothing for the credibility of the game if Abdul-Jabbar winds up in either city. He has every right to seek to increase his earnings or, if he is dissatisfied with the situation he finds himself in, to force a move. But to New York or Los Angeles? Clap hands, here comes Wussler.

SPOILING FOR SUCCESS

On the record, the four young boxers out of Superior, Mont., are no match for the



proverbial wet paper bag, but after the frustrating events in the state AAU tournament at Stevensville, don't count on it. They may just punch their way through concrete.

First there was Levi McGillvray, fighting at 106 pounds. He got so tired whopping a boy from Choteau around the ring that he had to retire. Wayne Colman, 113 pounds, was next and every bit as aggressive. His trouble was hair. It obscured his vision, and when he admitted that he could not control the mop, he retired.

Brother Amos Colman, at 119 pounds, followed with a terrible vengeance. He knocked his opponent from one corner to the other, he battered him along the ropes, and when he had him set up for

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

the crusher, he fired a vicious shot. He missed, which is probably fortunate. The force of the blow dislocated Amos' shoulder. He retired.

No way Willie McClellan was going to retire. In against a Stevensville lad, the 131-pounder was jobbed instead. Superior's *Mineral Independent* reports that Willie had the local entry "helpless on the ropes, and possibly would have ended the fight... but for interference from a referee whose only past experience was on the P.A. system.... The two local judges favored their boy and an outside judge gave Willie the fight by all three rounds."

The *Mineral Independent* account ended on an ominous note. "Superior is lining up more opposition."

YANKEE PRESS CLIPPER

The scouting report on the press-room attendant at the New York Yankees' spring training field in Fort Lauderdale: Good handouts, no hit. His name? Joe DiMaggio.

THE OYSTER IS HIS WORLD

Dr. William A. Stanton, director of international operations for Du Pont's photo products department, is a man who gets around, but what he likes to get around most is a plate of fresh, cold, plump, salty, raw oysters. He devours bushels of them every winter and allows, unobtusely, that the best he has ever eaten are found not far from his native doorstep, in Lower Chesapeake Bay.

Next on his alltime list—and rated as superb—are the bivalve mollusks of Chincoteague Island, Va., Sydney, Australia, Long Island and West Mersey, England. Those of New Orleans, Marseilles, France, Seattle, Myrtle Beach, S.C. and Patuxent River, Md. he classifies as excellent.

Dr. Stanton's ratings fit nicely with a theory developed by Archaeologist Perry S. Flegel. After excavating Indian sites for 23 years in Dorchester County, Md., mid-Chesapeake country, he concluded that the region's earliest settlers ate as well as modern gourmets. They dined on abundant catches of sturgeon, sturgeon roe, diamondback turtle, venison, wild geese and wild turkey and positively gorged on oysters, which often were 11 inches long and four inches wide. The one small catch is that the oysters were of the Choptank River variety, rated only good by Stanton, along with those of Paris,

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

London, Cape Town, Rio de Janeiro and Maurice River, N.J. Had Stanton been a Choptank, he probably would have persuaded the tribe to move 100 miles south.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

"We want Fox! We want Fox!" yelled the students of Hapeville (Ga.) High School during a basketball game. Coach Bill Speck called time and summoned Jeff Foxworthy, who has an excellent sense of humor but not much of a jump shot, from the end of the bench. They chatted quietly at courtside, then in went Foxworthy—to the student section, where he sat down. Stunned for a moment, the students quickly regained their voices. "We got Fox!" they cheered. "We got Fox!"

SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS

Students at Towson State College outside of Baltimore have gone bonkers over a course being given this spring—Mug-a-Thug 101. Self-defense is the subject. To pass, they have to beat up the professor.

ADVERTISEMENTS OF THEMSELVES

Last week, while the colleges awaited a White House decision on whether the Title IX guidelines to a Federal education law meant equal scholarships and equal facilities for women, some of them, along with professional sports organizations, were wrestling with the consequences of another Government advisory. This one was issued by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission as a guide to interpreting Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. While it does not require that the schools and clubs advertise coaching openings, the commission does make it clear they would be better off doing so, and the courts have backed this position strongly. So they have advertised, and the Walter Mittys in our midst have responded. Oh, have they responded!

"You wouldn't believe some of the people who apply," said football Coach Tony Mason of the University of Cincinnati, after advertising for a defensive secondary coach. "They think it's like applying for a garbage collector's job."

Among the applicants for the head coaching position with the Kansas City Chiefs—Paul Wiggin got it—were a dentist who had been a successful YMCA coach and stressed his ability to motivate players—without special drills, to be sure; a man-and-woman team (not man and wife) who said they would split a

\$36,000 contract—she claimed to be able to psychoanalyze people and he was to polish the resultant product; two 18-year-old boys who had just finished high school football careers and offered to skip college.

Ernie Barrett, athletic director at Kansas State, got a letter from a 24-year-old insurance salesman who pointed out how much "national recognition" State would enjoy by virtue of the lack of experience of its head coach. Barrett also heard from a school administrator in East Germany who said he had coached "little kids," and a 29-year-old blind aspirant from New Orleans who included a play in Braille. He wrote a six-page letter telling Barrett that he would use the single wing, admired UCLA, Arkansas and Tennessee and said that he did not think being blind would hinder him. Perhaps it wouldn't, but the single wing would.

HARK THE LARK ON THE LUTE

The men's basketball coach at the University of Iowa is Lute Olson, coaching the women is Lark Birdsong, and the bearer of these glad tidings is Iowa's Sports Information Director George Wine—sober.

THEY SAID IT

- Paul Lynde, television comedian, on how to cure a man of compulsive gambling: "Give him the Atlanta Falcons and four points."
- Ben Hogan, on today's golfers: "If a fellow misses from 40 feet, he grimaces and agonizes like a cowboy struck in the heart by an Indian's arrow."
- Tate Locke, basketball coach at Clemson, which is being investigated by the NCAA: "Newspaper stories don't bother me, just my stomach. There's a big softball in there. I'll wake up at three in the morning and somebody's shitting fun-goes."
- Gilles Gratton, 22-year-old goalie for the Toronto Toros, asked what advice he would give youngsters: "Quit while there is still time—at about 12 or 13 years of age."
- Lenny Wirtz, veteran NBA referee: "Our job is the only one where you have to start out perfectly and get better each time."
- Larry Laceywell, assistant football coach at Oklahoma, reviewing the 1974 season: "Our biggest mistake was not taking Wake Forest lightly enough."

END

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Winston 100's and Winston Menthol 100's

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

and Benson & Hedges 100's and Benson

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine

& Hedges Menthol 100's and Salem 100's

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

and Pall Mall 100's and Pall Mall Menthol

18 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

100's and Kool 100's and Marlboro 100's

12 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine

and Tareyton 100's and Virginia Slims 100's

19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine

16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine

and Virginia Slims Lights and

15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine

Viceroy 100's and

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine

and Silva Thins 100's

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine

and L&M 100's and

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine

Eve 100's and Eve

18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine

Parliament 100's and

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine

Twist 100's and Lar

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

*SOURCE: FTC Report October '76.

Of all domestic brands, lowest yield... 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine.

TRUE 100's Regular and 100's Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



TWO ON A SNOWY SEESAW

In a sizzling duel at Sun Valley, former champion Gustavo Thoeni and young Ingemar Stenmark each won a race to tie for the lead in the World Cup **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

Just before the start of the race that would decide once and for all whether Gustavo Thoeni would or would not remain in the running to win an unprecedented fourth World Cup ski championship, the young Italian was asked if he had any special way of preparing himself for such a crucial event. Perhaps he did something mentally to sharpen his concentration, possibly something physical to tune up his legs. Thoeni listened to the question gravely, looking down the slalom run, then replied, "No, I do nothing special. It is just to go very fast. I feel that is most important."

And so it was last week when the World Cup Flying Ski Circus and Wandering Slalom Show stopped by Sun Valley in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho to stage four races in three days, the next-to-last event of the season. And if Thoeni did nothing else, it was important that he go very fast indeed, for he was being chased by two of the toughest chargers to come along in many a snowfall. One was the Austrian flash, Franz

continued

When Stenmark (below) won the giant slalom, he led the cup by the handle, but then Thoeni (left) took the slalom.



Klammer, 21, the winner of seven consecutive downhill, a daredevil who has come to be known as The Astronaut by countrymen who see in him the new hero to fill the boots of the likes of Karl Schranz and Toni Sailer. The other racer on Thoeni's ski tails was a freckle-faced kid from, of all places, Sweden—a bastion of Nordic skiers where Alpine racers are about as scarce as surfers. His name is Ingemar Stenmark and he is a bashful 19 years old, an upstart in his second season of World Cup competition. Some upstart. Before Sun Valley he had won four slalom or giant slalom races and posted five second-place finishes. Already, Ingemar is as famous among the home folks as tennis hero Bjorn Borg.

Sun Valley offered two races for the men, a giant slalom and a slalom, and the drama of the clash among Thoeni, Klammer and Stenmark was plainly the theatrical high point of the meet. With the women there was no pressure: Austria's Annemarie Moser-Proell, at 22 the most gifted woman racer in ski history, had already wrapped up her fifth straight World Cup title three weeks ago and appeared in Idaho as a sort of visiting celebrity, like the movie stars of the old days.

There was another welcome ingredient stirred into the scene last week. That was the resurrection of the famous old Harriman Cup that had for nearly 30 years been one of the world's best-known ski trophies. Its history is almost as long and as glamorous as that of Sun Valley itself; it was first awarded in 1937—a year after the resort opened—and it has been won by such notables as Sailer, Gretchen Frazer, Andrea Mead Lawrence and Schranz, who had quaffed champagne from the last cup in 1965. On hand for the occasion was the noble old ambassador himself, Averell Harriman, now 83, returning to the resort he founded in 1936. All through the week Harriman trudged about the race venues in a pair of monumentally baggy ski pants, an ancient parka and battered Alpine hat, declaring to anyone who might ask, "I think skiing attracts the best people." Someone asked Harriman, a lifelong Democrat, if that included President Ford. Harriman thought about it. "Does he ski? Oh, yes, yes. Well, skiing should make him a better President."

The buildup to the heavyweight match started slowly. The first event on the agenda was the women's giant slalom, staged in a leaden morning light on a

snaking course called Greyhawk. There was no crowd, the public-address system didn't work and the racers seemed as drab as the day. When the last one hit the finish, the winner turned out to be a promising Swiss newcomer, Lise-Marie Morerod, a scant three-hundredths of a second faster than the veteran Monika Kaserer of Austria. Queen Proell was fifth, but then, why hurry?

Next day the women's slalom picked up the pace under the valley's patented sunny skies, the sort of day that fills the sides of racecourses with folks getting tan and murmuring to one another, "What are these people doing—racing or something?" This time the strong lass from Liechtenstein, Hanni Wenzel, streaked down the course to seize both runs by the stunning margin of almost a full second over Moser-Proell. People just don't

beat people by that much in slalom, do they, Hanni? She nodded happily and, when she was told that her victory, plus her sixth-place giant slalom finish, had made her the first woman Harriman Cup winner in a decade, she considered that distinction and asked, "What is the Harriman Cup?"

Then, tensions suitably building on the sidelines, along came the men. Although tight World Cup competition has been old stuff in this series, nothing quite like this three-way contest among Thoeni, Klammer and Stenmark had ever come to pass.

There was champion Thoeni with 219 World Cup points, Klammer with 215 and young Stenmark with 200. And coming from a series of bad-weather races—in deep fogs at Naeba, Japan, swirling Pacific Ocean mists and violent storms at

A victory and a sixth gave Hanni Wenzel something she never knew existed, the Harriman Cup.



Whistler Mountain near Vancouver and, finally, tons of snow piled upon Jackson Hole, Wyo.—the skiers were in a snap-happy mood. Nobody was absolutely certain of the mathematical calculations which would determine the 1975 overall winner. Serge Lang, the hulking Swiss sportswriter who conceived the complicated scoring system, carried around a sheet of paper full of heavy pencil scrawls that he pulled from a parka pocket to consult whenever anyone inquired about the scoring situation. What his sheet said, Lang told racers and officials, was that the highest point total Thoeni could attain if he won every one of the remaining four races was 265. And yet, due to the intricacies of Lang's system, Klammer could get 279, though he is not exactly a whiz at slalom and giant slalom, and only one downhill remains, the big finale at Val Gardena next week. Then Stenmark—who never races downhills because, with wisdom beyond his years, he considers them too dangerous—could get, at most, 255 points if he finished first in all the remaining races. What all this meant, Lang announced dramatically, was this: If Stenmark managed to win both races on Greyhawk, he would win the 1975 World Cup championship.

This prospect, even though they didn't entirely understand it, brought out the crowds. In the first giant slalom run, Thoeni started eighth and flashed home in one minute, 23.54 seconds, just behind Italian teammate Piero Gros. At the bottom, everyone nodded wisely: a fine run. Take that, you challengers.

Then the lanky Swede sprang out of the starting gate, his child's face grim, and launched an attack so vicious that a steadily growing shout rolled along with him, following him down the hill. As he zinged through gate after gate, Stenmark seemed to build more speed and, remarkably, seemed to gain more control at the same time. Stenmark races with none of the crash-and-burn, elbows-out enthusiasm of Jean-Claude Killy; he disdains the sit-back style of Patrick Russell, another old French champ. Stenmark skis perfectly, skis flat, swiveling in a building rhythm and powerful economy of motion. And now, Stenmark was taking wing. He hit the finish in a rousing 1:20.80, more than two seconds faster than Gros and a lead—in ski racing—about as long as a lifetime.

The crowd yelled explosively and Ingemar chuckled bashfully. "Oh, it was

not so fast," he said. "But then, I did not make any mistakes." His second run was not quite so spectacular, but it was still the best of the round, and when they added up the totals, he had won the giant slalom by the remarkable margin of 2.98 seconds. Gros was second and the champ, Thoeni, third. The point totals now stood: Thoeni 226 Stenmark 225 and Klammer (who had finished a dismal but predictable 21st) still with 215.

Beyond the brilliance of Stenmark's victory, there was a notable bright spot. American Greg Jones had stormed out of the 30th starting spot to seize fourth place. The youthful U.S. skiers are not there yet, but they are definitely improving. There are now no fewer than 15 Americans with World Cup points (meaning they had finished in the top 10 in at least one event) compared with only nine at the end of last season.

Now the stage was set for ski-racing history. Everything rested on the slalom and everything rested on Stenmark as the skiers assembled high on Greyhawk; the course was in superb condition, the day was like bright crystal and the crowd had grown enormously. Stenmark started No. 2 in the first run and posted a promising 54.10. Thoeni seemed strangely sluggish and came home at 54.34. That left Stenmark in third spot, the championship in seventh. Everybody agreed during intermission that one more good run would wrap up a World Cup title for the young Swede. Further, the start order would be reshuffled in such a way that Ingemar would not have to run until after Thoeni and thus would know exactly how many split seconds he needed for victory; he could control his speed and not take the chance of falling all the way to Ketchum. Eight racers went down before Thoeni. The best time was made by Gros: 56.83 seconds.

Then came Thoeni. He burst out of the start and ticked off the gates, snapping flag after flag with a cold and calculating power that was laced through with an awful lot of superman. Last year at the world championship in St. Moritz Thoeni had been eighth after the first run of the slalom and had blasted down the course in a triumphant second run that many consider the finest display of ski-racing strength and skill ever seen. Thoeni's second run at Sun Valley, over a more difficult course, was just as spectacular: 55.54 seconds. No man could match such a run, and the boy from Swe-



Herriman, 85, didn't know that Ford skied.

den was certainly not up to it. Ingemar made a noble try and swept in at 56.39 seconds. It was good enough for third place and, adding his times in slalom and giant slalom, it also was good enough for the Harriman Cup.

But what of the World Cup? As the racers headed back halfway around the globe for the final event at Val Gardena in Italy next week, champion Thoeni and challenger Stenmark were deadlocked with 240 points. Klammer was still poised at 215. And here come the possibilities. The first race at Val Gardena is a downhill. Neither Thoeni nor Stenmark will enter it. Klammer will and will be favored to win his eighth straight. The score if that happens? Thoeni 240, Stenmark 240, Klammer 240. And then, the last race of the year will be a dual slalom, sending the racers in short, head-to-head eliminations. Thoeni and Stenmark have the best chances in this event, with Thoeni a slight favorite. But if neither wins, then Klammer could take the World Cup, based on the fact that he has more victories. And then again, he may not.

Whatever happens, two things are certain. One, ski racing has never seen a more sensational windup. And two, no words could sum it up better than Thoeni's own considered philosophy of competition: "It is just to go very fast." **END**

JAUNTY STRIDE INTO HISTORY

On a festive day free of tension, "fair and tough" Frank Robinson manages his first big league game with aplomb

by RON FIMRITE



Frank Robinson sat looking pensive in the Cleveland Indians' dugout at Hi Corbett Field in Tucson as a multitude of cameramen, broadcasters, newspaper reporters and assorted functionaries stood at a respectful distance. It was the moment of silence before Robinson would carry a lineup card to home plate as the first black man to manage a major league baseball team. Not one of the media persons seemed disposed to interrupt his historic ruminations; no one, that is, save Joe Garagiola, the television luminary, resplendent this bright day in pink slacks, sweater and scalp.

"Just think about it, Frank Robinson," said Garagiola, addressing the solitary figure with mock solemnity. "Managing is a lonely job."

Robinson's mobile face exploded into laughter. He had found managing anything but a lonely job, and, in fact, he seemed to revel in the tumult thrust upon him, answering endlessly repetitive questions with courtesy and restraint, posing graciously for photographs, signing autographs with dogged good cheer.

He had done his level best to make his

managerial debut an occasion more joyous than solemn. All that morning he had exchanged japes with players, clubhouse attendants, reporters, even the television technicians who were wiring him for sound so that his every utterance during this epochal game might be preserved for posterity on a Garagiola sports special. Robinson was setting the style for his day, and he wanted to keep it light.

"Has anybody asked you a new question?" Russell Schneider of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* had inquired of him.

"That's it," answered Robinson.

The Robinson good humor was infectious. Gags abounded, many of which, in a less buoyant atmosphere, might have been considered in questionable taste.

"How does it feel," the San Francisco *Examiner's* Bucky Walter asked Cleveland newsmen, "to be the first white baseball writers to cover a black manager?"

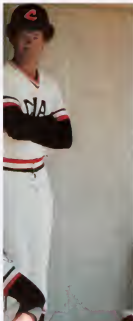
There was no edginess to this day, no tension. It was the way Robinson wanted it. The exhibition with the San Francisco Giants was, as he put it, "only a rehearsal."

Robinson was as prepared for his day as a previous Robinson was for his nearly three decades ago. But there was no one to relieve the pressure for Jackie Robinson: Frank Robinson took much of it off himself.

Dribbling a ball off his bat while hitting pregame grounders to Shortstop Frank Duffy, he quipped, "Well, at least I know how to pitch to myself."

Even his closest associates are astonished by the ease with which he has stepped into history. Frank Robinson the player was frequently controversial, a grim competitor, a suspected clubhouse lawyer, a superstar who, unlike others of his station, had been traded four times. That Robinson was hardly the jovial man of affairs he seemed to be last week. Can it be that he has grown in office?

"I think I can look at Frank Robinson with an open mind and still say he's fantastic," said Maury Wills, the old Dodger hero who was himself a prime candidate to become the first black manager. This spring he has helped coach Robinson's base runners and infielders. "Frank has really done his homework."



In the dugout an infant Robinson ponders a move as base-running adviser Willie looks on.

ten himself into shape his own way and that if Robinson disapproved of his methods, perhaps it might be better for all parties if Seghi arranged a trade. Instead, Seghi, wary of losing a 21-game winner, called the disputants in for a conciliatory talk.

"There is no problem now," says Seghi optimistically. "It was merely a misunderstanding."

"I can only speak for myself," says Robinson, "but it's over as far as I'm concerned. I am not going to have individuals going their own way in my camp. Gaylord is now doing what everyone else is doing."

"It was something between the two of them," says Duffy, one of the team co-captains. "It didn't cause any dissension. You don't hear guys talking about it. In fact, there is a closeness in this camp that we haven't had in the past. You can feel it. I'm really happy about it."

The evening before the opening exhibition with the Giants, Robinson went to the greyhound races in Tucson with Bob Quinn, the Indians' scouting and minor league director. The only tension Robinson appeared to be experiencing there was created by the indifferent performances of the dogs upon which he so imprecisely wagered.

"All the attention I've been getting is only what I expected," he said between races. "Naturally, I would like more of this attention to go toward the team, but that just won't be happening right now. I hope everyone understands that. My ambition is someday just to be considered the Cleveland manager, period. I've been thinking about managing since 1961, seriously since 1967 when I got hurt and had double vision. I give thanks for the six years I managed in Puerto Rico winter ball. I'm prepared."

The spring weather in Tucson had been, as the natives insist, unseasonably overcast, but on Thursday, March 13, it was brilliant and warm. It was a festive occasion, the opener for both the Indians and the Giants. A Goodyear blimp was overhead. The Sunnyside High School band was in the stands, along with 4,071 spectators. By mayoral proclama-

tion, Robinson was made an honorary citizen of Tucson. City Manager Joel Valdez tossed out the first ball and Gaylord Perry threw the first pitch.

Robinson, who will appear as a designated hitter this season, his last as a player, benched himself for the opener. In fact, he did not appear on the field during the game, exhorting his charges from the seclusion of the dugout, where even his occasional profanity was recorded by NBC soundmen.

Gaylord Perry pitched three scoreless innings and so did his less truculent brother, Jim. Boog Powell, the ponderous first baseman, who under old Oriole teammate Robinson is hustling as he seldom has, was thrown out at the plate trying to score from second on a single to right field. But the Indians moved smartly out to a 3-0 lead after five innings. The Giants tied the score at 4-4 in the ninth and had the winning runs on base in the 10th when Robinson dispatched his pitching coach, Harvey Haddix, to the mound to replace righthander Tom Buskey with lefthander Dave Laroché. It was a percentage move by the new manager, since the next hitter, Ed Goodson, was, for all Robinson knew, a left-handed batter. What he did not know was that this spring Goodson had been experimenting with switch-hitting. So when the lefthander entered the game, Goodson, who had been hitting left, stepped up swinging right-handed and, in his first official at bat from that side, doubled in the winning runs. Manager Robinson was 0-1 for the exhibition season.

He seemed undismayed in his office after the game, conceding that though it would have been nice to win, at least he got to see his players in game situations. The Goodson gaffe was merely "one of those things you can get caught with in the spring."

So much for the game. What of that little ruminative session before it? What was on his mind? Robinson looked serious for a moment.

"I was thinking, 'Hey, this is it. Now it's official.' And I thought about Jackie Robinson and about the many people, both black and white, who helped me in my lifetime, who made this thing happen. That's all."

That is quite a bit.

END

I've seen a lot of baseball camps, but I've never seen one run better than this one. I sat in on his very first meeting as manager. He didn't make any opening statements. Not once did he say anything about black or white. He didn't start off by defending himself, like some guy on stage apologizing for having a sore throat. He just took charge. People know when you're playing a role. Frank just naturally projects a sense of toughness—toughness with fairness. Players appreciate that."

Robinson's toughness and fairness were challenged early in spring training by Gaylord Perry, the pitcher from North Carolina who, until Robinson's arrival, had been the team's star and highest-paid player. The two had clashed in the Indians' clubhouse last season over remarks Perry had made about Robinson's high salary. Afterward, Perry had said he had no objections to Robinson becoming his new manager. But when Robinson chastised him for not adhering to the training regimen this spring, Perry complained to General Manager Phil Seghi that in the past he had always got-

Somewhat like sex goddesses of Hollywood past, the Indiana Hoosiers' only lament as the NCAA tournament hove into view last week seemed to be that they are loved for their bodies, not their souls. So before they keel over from lack of appreciation, here they are, the good guys.

Center Kent Benson is president of the I.U. chapter of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Forward Steve Green has been accepted to dental school. Guard Quinn Buckner visits the children's ward at the local hospital and gives speeches to PTA groups. Coach Bob Knight employs a down-on-his-luck former player as a statistician. Now, with that out of the way, let's get back to basketball.

While they have been so busy cornering the market on Samaritanism, child care, Christianity and clean teeth, these terrific humanitarians have found time to go unbeaten through 30 games, outscore the opposition by an average of 23 points and dominate the college game all winter. They are a marvelous blend of strength, speed, discipline, intelligence and a positively vicious defense that forces the opposition to begin its attack somewhere in the vicinity of the lobby. Not to diminish the power of Benson or the shooting of Green, John Laskowski and the injured Scott May, it is Buckner and his running mate in backcourt, Bob Wilkerson, who are responsible for this Indiana tyranny.

Both have mobility, flexibility and unusual size for guards. On offense they rarely let opponents pass without pressure, and on offense they are masters at developing a game rhythm that enables the Hoosiers to flaunt their versatility. Simply put, the backcourt will not allow Indiana to play a bad game. "When they're in trouble," says one coach, "Indiana doesn't come to Buckner. He goes to them."

After the Hoosiers' 78-53 dismantling of UTEP last week in the first round of the NCAA playoffs, Buckner and his buddies looked ready to keep on rolling. During recent weeks, doubts had popped up about the Indiana defense without May. In 25 games with him, the Hoosiers had given up an average of only 63 points, but after May broke his left forearm against Purdue, they allowed 82, 89, 78 and 79 in the last four regular-season contests. Then, against UTEP's rawhide outfit, the Hoosiers out-defended the national defense leaders and wore them down. May showed up with a "soft cast,"

WHO CAN HANDLE THE HOOSIERS?

Indiana looked unbeatable in its tournament opener, but the Wildcats—and others—could give it claws to regret **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

a pin in his arm and played—for about a minute. Everybody else went back to the drawing board.

Before anyone signs a concession treaty, it should be added that Indiana remains only a slight favorite over the rest of the NCAA field. Except for UCLA (which did it four times) only two teams, San Francisco (1956) and North Carolina (1957), have entered the tournament unbeaten and exited as the national champion. And even if the Hoosiers end up winning, the tournament will be worth watching. By expanding its format to 32 teams, the NCAA guaranteed that this would be Trivia's tournament, chock-full of memories we'll want to treasure for years to come.

For starters, what team does Jud Heathcote coach? Who are The Hoyas? What school might play three opponents to which it has already lost? What team dropped back-to-back contests to Harvard and Navy? Which had a technical foul called against its athletic director? If you answered Montana, Georgetown, Notre Dame, Cincinnati and, surprise, UCLA, you win two all-beef patties special sauce lettuce cheese pickles onions on a sesame seed bun.

This week in Providence, R. I., Dayton, Ohio, Las Cruces, N. Mex. and Portland, Ore., the 16 survivors of first-round play will battle for the opportunity to qualify for the finals at San Diego on Easter weekend. Unless somebody sets fire to the Easter bunny, all the eggs are going to be colored red and blue: red for Indiana and Maryland, blue for North Carolina and UCLA.

At Dayton, Oregon State has the next chance to stop Indiana. Like their namesakes, the Beavers are industrious and resourceful, but they depend too much on huge Lonnie Shelton, who gets in foul trouble. Also, steady guards are needed against the Hoosiers, and OSU has only George (Ice T) Tucker. Against back-

court pressure, Ice T sometimes becomes Tea Bag.

The Hoosiers may face their stiffest test in the Midwest finals. Their opponent should be Kentucky, and after being embarrassed by Indiana in December, the Wildcats have made the biggest comeback since Neil Sedaka.

That 24-point defeat at Bloomington was the game in which Knight rapped Kentucky Coach Joe Hall on the head and the Wildcats' freshman centers, Rick Robey and Mike Phillips, were intimidated by Benson. Afterward Kentucky Captain Jimmy Dan Conner said, "Indiana is great; too bad they have a damn kid for a coach."

Playing as if possessed and with a deep bench, Kentucky is the highest-scoring team in the tournament. When backed by their rabid fans, as the Wildcats will be in Dayton where many emigrants from Appalachia have settled, they perform recklessly. Surely blood will be spilled here. If 24-point scorer Kevin Grevey, Conner and the freshmen big men get going early, Kentucky also could spill the Hoosiers.

Kansas State, Boston College, Syracuse and North Carolina are a surprise package in the East. But is it really a surprise when any Dean Smith team appears here? No coach is held in such high esteem by his peers; fittingly, after his most resourceful season, Smith is on the verge of being named the U.S. Olympic coach for 1976.

The Tar Heels earned the trip to Providence with brains, luck and the famous Ford corners. "If we get ahead, the other team has to chase the pony," says Forward Tom LaGarde of 6'2" freshman Phil Ford, who masterfully works the middle of Smith's patient four-corners offense.

Syracuse has the estimable Rudy Hackett, a much-overlooked forward. Kansas State has a slick backcourt of

Chuckie Williams and the masked man, Mike Evans, who wears a plastic cover over his broken nose. BC, featuring Bob Carrington and Wil Morrison, is peaking just right.

But Carolina's tall Mitch Kupchak, leaping Walter Davis and Ford should be too much for all of them. Smith is nine for nine in regional games, and his Tar Heels should ride their little pony all the way to San Diego.

Two rematches are scheduled among the cacti in Las Cruces: Cincinnati against Louisville and Notre Dame against Maryland. Both the freshman-dominated Bearcats and the Irish, starring Adrian Dantley at the foul line, had inspired seasons. But the talented Cardinals and Terps should repeat their earlier victories.

Louisville is the enigma, loafing here, bickering there. The joke is that the team cannot get up for the little ones, and indeed it suffers alarming lapses of concentration. "It's cookin' time now though," says Louisville's smooth Allen Murphy, who splits his time between forward and guard.

If Forward Wesley Cox can recover from a pulled hamstring and his sulking moods, and Junior Bridgeman, another two-position man and the world's most underrated player, can keep the Cards shuffling, their contest with Maryland should be a frenetic struggle.

Having staggered down the stretch, the Terps are defenseless and foul-prone. Lefty Driesell has only six men, but his three-pronged backcourt of John Lucas, Mo Howard and Brad Davis, the best freshman guard around, directs a transitional offense that is nearly impossible to stop. In the rush to lionize Indiana, it often has been forgotten that Maryland finished first in the country in shooting percentage, third in rebounding and seventh in scoring. "Will we win the NCAA?" says Lucas. "Does a bear hibernate?"

Does a Bruin? This year's UCLA edition is happier than before, but also more

suspect. UCLA is no lock to win its regional at Portland, not with the rootin', tootin', harassin' gang from Arizona State on hand.

Lionel Hollins and company beat strong Alabama 97-94 in the best first-round game, and they must defeat another toughie in Ricky Sobers-led Las Vegas to play UCLA. ASU's midcourt traps demoralized "Bama, but the Bruins' backcourt of Pete Trgovich and Andre McCarter is more poised. With Dave Meyers, Marques Johnson and Rich Washington up front, UCLA should prevail.

Coach John Wooden calls his team "essentially passive." The exception is Meyers, the fearsome Spider with the crazed visage. Last week he was slowed by a sprained ankle and charley horse, but has 26 points proved it will take a herd of trampling broncos to stop Meyers now that the end is in sight.

If Easter weekend turns out to be a red and blue affair, one semifinal will be a return engagement between UCLA and Maryland. The Bruins won the Decem-

ber game when Meyers pumped through 36 points and Lucas was semi-injured. The Terps' three-guard system got them in trouble against taller UCLA then, but Davis is no longer a babe and he would have much more to say in a rematch.

In the other semifinal, it would not be astonishing to see UNC's Smith go with his stalling Ford at the opening bell in an attempt to control the tempo against Indiana's superior forces.

The coaches of the likely final four are not exactly strangers. The eldest daughter of Maryland's Driesell is a student at Indiana and gets Hoosier tickets from Knight himself. Knight and Smith frequently discuss tactics over the telephone. And the first time the Indiana coach spoke at Wooden's UCLA clinic, he arrived for his lecture with a black eye, the result of a disagreement with a motorist while he was on his way to the campus.

If Knight and Indiana make it back to Southern California this time, they will be equipped to give the other fellows the black eyes.

END



Captain Conner and his emotional teammates scratched Marquette and now are itching for Indiana.

THEY HAVE KEPT HIM IN STITCHES

But Chuck Wepner, often bloodied and bowed in his long career, has the last laugh—a shot at the title

by MARK KRAM



The face used to be a map of the careers of some fighters. It showed where they had been, the way they traveled and how much they endured for the sake of a trip that meant little to anyone except themselves or the promoter of the moment who gave them a few hundred to fill out a card, to be a gallant victim. You don't see many of them anymore, but once when most towns had a small club, there were long columns of those faces moving across boxing's landscape. It was a hard, busted-down life, one of dressing rooms with a single light bulb and no shower; of hotel rooms that smelled of disinfectant and offered smeared mirrors that would reveal over and over an awful truth as the finger climbed over new bumps and found its way through ridges of old scar tissue to fresh stitching; of dim side-street bars where loneliness and hurt could be drawn from the body and mind.

Light of a mountain evening softens the face of Chuck Wepner, who has spent almost a decade trying to kick reality in the teeth, the German-Ukrainian-Polish son of Bayonne, N.J. who will enter the ring this week in Cleveland to meet Muhammad Ali for the heavyweight championship of the world. Wepner, who has a 30-9-2 record, is a wide, long slab of heart and dreams who is one of the last club fighters, the kind who gives you what he has, who turns a ring into a red-wine sea and keeps coming on for more—making you feel either ignoble or full of poesy about man's courage, depending on your sensibilities. By no stretch of even a healthy imagination should Chuck Wepner be up here in this Kerhonkson, N.Y. camp, cruelly whipping his 35-year-old body toward a strange rendezvous with Ali, child of the gods, a near-mythological figure in his own time.

Again, the light comes and goes across Wepner's face. It speaks. It tells of places like Scranton, North Bergen, Walpole,

A massive 6' 8" and 292 pounds, the challenger looks like a figure out of boxing's past.

White Plains, Secaucus, none of which are galleries for pugilistic refinements. It tells of purses of \$500, \$700, maybe a couple of thousand, never enough to free him from the work of a daily job. But most of all the face tells of pain: well over 300 stitches after 41 fights. After his 1970 loss to Sonny Liston, Wepner received 120 stitches, and it took the doctor four hours to put his face back together. He refused any pain-killer. "I don't like the stuff," he says. "Besides, I'm used to the little stings by now." Wepner's wife Phyllis says she cannot bear to see him fight. "I'm there," she says, "but I won't watch the fights. I can tell you what kind of shoes everybody has on in my row because that's where my eyes are while he's fighting."

Contrast the contours, the texture of Wepner's face to Ali's, which is smooth, unmarked, a testament to magic in the ring. To most critics, Ali's face alone (forget his hands) provides indisputable evidence to the outcome of what they consider to be only a footnote in heavyweight history. The jokes are rife. "They should bring Wepner to the fight in an ambulance." "He has enough stitches in his face for a couple of double-knit suits." "After this one's over, he will be an object of art for the National Sewing Club." Ali simply says, "I don't intend to hit him in the face."

Such talk brings anxiety attacks to promoters, enrages the good citizens of Bayonne and cuts Wepner like no glove ever did. "So I bleed a little," he says. "What was that stuff all over Rocky Marciano? Water?"

The promoter is Don King of Video Techniques, who came out of Ohio to drop an anvil on boxing's more sophisticated dealers and give us Ali-Foreman in Zaire. "Doc Kearns sacked Shelby, a little town," says one of King's critics, "but this guy wasted a whole country. The guy is brilliant, but he needs a manager." Given to tent evangelism, far too heavy with boring racial rhetoric, an unrivaled producer of money, King seems to enjoy being in the middle of crises. If so, he has all that he can handle now, for the finances of the Ali-Wepner promotion seem ominous.

Ali gets \$1.5 million, Wepner \$100,000. As a closed-circuit TV companion fight, there was to have been, variously, Foreman against Oscar Bonavena, Ken Norton versus Bonavena, Norton versus Jimmy Young. It finally came down to

Jerry Quarry against Norton, with Quarry getting \$175,000, Norton \$100,000. To the above figures add as much as \$700,000 for promotional expenses, which have been considerable because of all the negative early publicity. Nothing could stave off the bad press, not even Ali saying he was turning philanthropist, saying he was going to give all his money to needy blacks. Calling on charity again, King said recently that 50¢ out of every ticket would be given to UNICEF and Africare. To some, the signs are evident: the promotion is teetering and King might not find much love among the ruins.

"With the two fights, King will have to gross \$4 million to break even," says a closed-circuit authority. "That's a lot of seats, live and closed circuit. Oh, he'll get the fight fan, but what about the general public? That's where success lies. I'll give King this. He has tremendous staying power. It's plain what he's trying to do. He wants to keep the continuity, so he can nail the next big one [Foreman or Frazier] with Ali. I'm sure he has promised his backers that one. But with Wepner he may have taken too large a bite out of a salami sandwich. Look, I don't buy this stuff about a mismatch. Wepner has paid, earned his shot. But the promotion is way out of balance. For a fight like this, Ali should be getting only \$250,000. There is madness in the air!"

Unswerved, King sends the words out, one after another on a forced march to credibility. Suppose Wepner's face splits like a cantaloupe in the third round, he is asked? "Nooooo," says King. "God ain't gonna let that happen. I predict he will make a fight with which the whole nation will be proud. Anything can happen when the moment arrives. People have been known to transcend their earthly stature in the middle of the ring. We could have a miraculous happening!" King goes on to say that Ali is an equal-opportunity employer, and that it is about time a white man got a break. "I am," he says, lowering his voice, "for the heavy-laden and downtrodden."

Chuck Wepner does not qualify as either, thus raising the question as to what or who he is. For the sake of discourse, he can be called a bum, to use the classic term of the ring? His manager, Al Braverman, is an authority on bums, having chaperoned whole armies of them to every corner of the globe; some say it is symbolic that he owns two antique shops

next to a cemetery in the Bronx. "Boxing is built on bums," Braverman used to say. "All sports are built on bums. How else you know from good or bad? How else is a good boy going to get on top and get experience unless he fights bums? I tell ya, there's a shortage of bums."

"It's this way. On top, that is, the fight-



Overweight and undertrained, Ali isn't taking the not-so-great white hope seriously.

ers who work on top, they got a name. Then ya got club fighters, who don't know how to box well but are always in there punching. A crowd pleaser. Then, ya got what is called tomato cans. A tomato can is a tomato can. Just a fighter. Maybe box a little, punch a little, not a dog. Any fighter who doesn't have guts is a dog. A little dog in him, though, don't hurt. It makes him learn some defense, and if ya don't have that ya might as well be in a poker game with Doc Kearns without any cards. Then, ya got what is called a kyoodle. A kyoodle, he is a dog, a hound, a mutt, a pig even. That is a kyoodle."

Queried now as to a category for Chuck Wepner, Braverman says, "For

continued

sure, Chuck ain't no bum, could never be one. You can't make a bum out of a Wepner. He's no kyoodle—perish the thought—or tomato can, either. Maybe there's a lot of club in him, but he's much more. He's just pure mean, like Victor McLaglen cleaning out a saloon in an old John Ford movie. The only guy who ever takes him is John Wayne, which is all right because Chuck likes John Wayne. Chuck has an 18½-inch neck of steel, the kind like Arturo Godoy. That neck took Godoy eight rounds against Joe Louis. Remember that! The guy don't care about pain. He gets a cut, he don't look up and ask, 'How is it, Al?' They're all scratches to him. He may not be the smartest guy in the ring, but he listens. When I'm talking in a corner, and a fighter doesn't look in my eyes, I know he's not listening. Then, I pull out a piece of his hair, or pinch him hard on the thigh. Don't have to do that with Wepner. One of the best listeners I ever had."

Braverman says that Wepner is not flash (hardly a revelation), that he has a pokey jab, but "he has a zip gun of a right hand." Wepner does not charge toward his opponent anymore. "He inches in," says Al. The trouble with Wepner, among several others, is delayed acceleration. "We've tried everything to get him going quicker," says Al, "even to having him work four or five rounds in the dressing room before the fight. Tell ya this, he gets past eight or nine rounds, Al could be in trouble. I think he's taking Chuck way too lightly. And from what I hear, Al is in the worst shape of his career."

The manager, who met Wepner when he came to Braverman's aid in a Bronx saloon ("There were four of 'em on me"), says that Wepner's day in the ring seemed to be at an end after the Liston fight. Liston had turned Chuck's face into something from the brush of a demented artist. Braverman thought it was time to quit and he made his mind up without the help of Liston's evaluation. Asked if Wepner was the bravest man he had ever seen, Sonny said, "No, his manager is." Remarks don't bother Braverman, even, say, a wry comment by another manager: "I find Braverman socially acceptable as a bass fisherman, but in the ring..." At any rate, Braverman and Wepner, like two grizzled prospectors down from a barren mountain, met to disassemble a career in Wepner's kitchen.

"Chuck, I'm afraid we'll have to pucker it in," said Braverman, staring at the soggy bowls of Wheaties left from the children's breakfast.

"Al, I can't," said Chuck. "I love it too much." The manager did not want to look at him, and he thought how strange it was that he and Wepner, who together weigh nearly 500 pounds, were sitting in such a homey room and talking of pain and blood and dreams gone.

"The cuts, Chuck," said Braverman, finally looking at him. "They're reality. You can't go on like this."

"I got to," said Wepner. "Stay with me."

"We'll see," said Al. "Maybe an operation'll help."

An operation was performed in which all of Wepner's old scar tissue was scraped away. It appears to have been successful, for Wepner has not been cut in his last eight fights, all of which he won. "Besides, I've never been knocked down in my life," says Wepner. "I don't know why people have been so unkind. I've worked for this shot. Ali wanted to fight somebody white who was ranked. Well, I'm ranked No. 8, and I'm about as white as you can get. What's he going to do? Fight Jerry Quarry again? Hell, Quarry wasn't even competitive against Ali. In my mind, Ali is the greatest heavyweight that ever lived, but he may be through. He better be ready. And if he leans on those ropes, I'm going to pick him up and throw him out of the ring."

That last comment is not bluster. Wepner fully intends to be as brutal as possible. "It's going to be a gang war," he says. "I don't think a conventional fighter could ever take him. I'm 6'5", 222 pounds, and he's going to know he's been in with all of it." Long a part of his weaponry, the rabbit punch, the gouge and a few other charming habits will be exhibited by Wepner. The atmosphere will be perfect for his style. There is no boxing commission in Richmond Township, outside of Cleveland, and that presumably means that anything short of homicide will be acceptable. It will certainly help Braverman, a cunning man in the corner, who has a firm hold on Wepner's mind.

"We're in the Ernie Terrell fight," says Braverman, "and Chuck's ear starts bleedin' from a rub or something. Just a little thing. He originally got it when Randy Neumann bit him there. So it

starts tricklin' some, and Chuck goes in close, and some of it gets on Terrell, Chuck's getting tired, and I scream, 'Look, Chuck, Terrell's bleedin'! Take it to him! The bum's bleedin'.' Well, he was so shocked at seeing somebody else's blood that he went on to pick up his biggest win since the operation."

What Wepner might do in a ring is not relative to him as a person. He is a decent sort with a self-deprecating sense of humor. Among the people who revere him in Bayonne, he is known for his rawhide toughness, his willingness to "stand up and be counted" when trouble is imminent. In the bars Wepner frequents as a liquor salesman and patron, tales are told over the shots and beer chasers of how he pulled three pilots out of crashed planes when he was a Marine, of how when a friend of his was roughed up by three truck drivers, Wepner was there with lead-lined gloves ready to rumble. "He's not a bully," says a friend, "but don't press him." Their favorite description for Wepner is "ordinary guy," which is the highest rank given among the working class; it is not the word, but how they say it.

So here he sits in his room among these mountains, the light softly undulating across his battered face, as loose as a big tree limb in a strong wind. Less than 2½' of all fighters, he says, make it to the main events, but "here I am going in with a damn legend. You know, most people live dull lives, never get a break, but with one punch I could be a millionaire, and my wife wouldn't have to work on the post office night shift anymore, and my name would mean something for a long, long time." Throughout each day, he says, he is cornered by curious people who want to help him: one man who had found a way to put springs in his shoes; another who said he was a hypnotist, and wanted him to stare at a big, odd medal dangling from his hand; another who said he had a secret potion from the jungles of New Guinea.

"They're all crazy," Wepner says, "and maybe I am, too, to some people. But Ali is in for a hard day's work."

Don King then says, "I am confident that he is confident."

And Al Braverman, suddenly flinching from an indelicate use of the word mismatch, roars, "Mismatch! Mismatch! The whole world's a flaming mismatch!"

END



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A man and a woman are on a sailboat. The man is in the foreground, shirtless, holding a cigarette in his mouth and looking towards the camera. The woman is behind him, also smiling. The boat is red and white, and the background shows a body of water and distant hills.

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SHACKLETON: Part 2

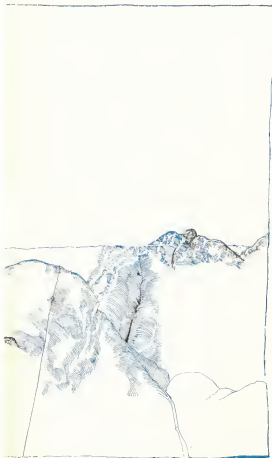
WHERE NONE HAD GONE BEFORE



Adrian E. Goble '75

A harrowing sea journey completed, Sir Ernest Shackleton must cross the trackless icescape of South Georgia if he is to rescue the main body of his expedition. It is May 1916. Fortified with 'hoosh' and limitless hope, he, the author and a companion set forth

by F.A. WORLEY



Hoosh. What a joyous sound that word had for us. It was composed of lard, oatmeal, beef protein, vegetable protein, salt and sugar. The result was heating, nourishing and anti-scorbutic, and it was invaluable. Made up in half-pound bricks for one man's meal, it had the consistency of a new cheese and a yellow-brown colour, but looked, when boiled with water, like thick pea soup.

Any one of us would cheerfully have murdered a Chinaman for a pound of it. With a gill of Johnnie Walker it would have made a noble libation to Bacchus.

Hoosh this night was cooked over a real fire, made from the topsides of the boat and a few scraps of driftwood. How we revelled in the unaccustomed blaze! How luxurious we were as we steamed our soaked extremities, rested our wearied bodies on sleeping bags and tussock grass, stuffed ourselves with hot glorious hoosh and smoked salt-sodden tobacco!

Exercise and a certain amount of drying were restoring the circulation and feeling to our feet, with the result that they began to burn painfully. We snuggled into our sleeping bags, pressed close against each other, feet to the fire. The surf 10 feet away made a soothing sound, punctuated at intervals by the dull boom of a glacier "calving" into King Haakon Sound. Then sleep at last. It was perfect and untroubled for four or five hours, when I awoke with my feet burning to such an extent that I thought my bag must be on fire and, lifting my feet, asked Crean for an inspection. He reported all well, but not feeling content I asked Mearns the same question with the same re-

continued

sult. I dozed off, but waking in a few minutes asked Vincent if I was on fire. The reply again was no. By this time I had grown thoroughly unpopular and was reminded that other people had burning feet, so subsided into a tired-out sleep till daylight. When I turned out I found a hole about 10 inches in diameter burnt in my sleeping bag and the heels of my socks burnt off! Strange to say, my feet were uninjured—it seems that wet hide does not burn well.

Next day Shackleton, Crean, Macarty and I explored inland, Vincent and Chips McNish being still unfit to travel after our hazardous sea journey from Elephant Island to South Georgia whence we came seeking help for our 22 shipwrecked comrades. We found a plateau with baby albatross on the nest. These nests are of turf and tussock, built up year after year till they are sometimes four feet high. They are quite in the open, and the parents sitting on the nests resemble from a distance a flock of scattered sheep on the hillside. They lay one and sometimes two eggs, 6 to 7 inches long, on which cock and hen take turns at sitting. The chick develops into a beautiful white ball of down, like a huge powder-puff, with a head at one end ornamented with beautiful large appealing eyes and a soft beak, which it snaps impotently in imitation of its parents. These chicks give 12 or 14 pounds of delicious food and were a god-send to our weakened men. The first time I killed one I felt like a murderer, the second time a little less bad, and after that I just thought what a fine meal they would make and what a glorious feed the first had been. Skinned and cut up into pieces with half a pound of hoosh and a little water we simmered the meat over the tiny driftwood fire. When the dish was cooked we revelled in unwonted gluttony—the delicious, white, well-flavoured and rich flesh was rendered even more piquant by the addition of the hoosh and a little salt, which we had managed to save in a sealed tin. How we stuffed! For once there was no stint. We ate even the bones, as they were soft and juicy. After the feast, reclining luxuriously on the tussock and sleeping bags and contentedly puffing foul-smelling cigarettes, the Boss and I discussed making enough money to start another expedition by taking some hundreds of baby albatross and selling them to the epicures, gourmets, gourmands, gluttons and whatnots of Europe and New York at £50 apiece, quite ignoring

the fact that there is a regulation forbidding the killing of these chicks, which we were then transgressing under the sternest law of necessity. We were then a law unto ourselves, and looked it.

As we smoked we felt a great content. The hardest part of our task was completed, we were living in luxury and our only anxiety was about our shipmates on Elephant Island.

After lunch the next day Shackleton and I set out to prospect for a possible route to the easy saddle we had seen at the head of the Sound. We traversed about five miles of very rough, hilly country, covered with close-packed tussock, snow and swamp. Then we worked east along the boulder beach on the south side of the Sound, passing a few herds and single sea elephants. Getting round one or two rocky points, we crossed two steep scree slopes until we were brought up by an impassable glacier. From here we made a mental survey of the Sound and counted 12 glaciers falling into it. Sir Ernest named some of them, the first after myself. I am not sure that I remember which one now but, in any case, there were enough to go round.

On our way back we came across some spars and pieces of driftwood which, if we got held here for the winter, meant firewood for us. These spars told tales of the loss of some gallant ships and men, probably off Cape Horn, drifted here before the nor'west gales. Sir Ernest picked up a pathetic little toy—a child's ship, one foot long. It may have told of tragedy, but at the least it was the minor tragedy of some child's lost treasure. Two miles from the cove we came across a 7-foot sea elephant. Not having a stick, I stunned him by hurling a small boulder on to his nose, then, turning butcher, took heart, liver, some flesh and blubber for food and fuel. All now knew that supplies would be assured for winter if necessary.

Next day the cove was filled with ice, but the boat was as ready as we could make her to proceed to the head of the Sound, it being impossible to strike inland from the cove.

It blew a gale all day—snow and sleet squalls, great clouds wreathing around and over the mountains, and the wind whipping white the surface of the Sound.

Next morning was our first fine day—a west wind ruffled the sparkling water outside the cove, starring it with white caps. At eight we gave the dismantled *James Caird*, the 22-foot lifeboat which

carried us from Elephant Island, a flying start down the steep beach and launched her. We pulled clear of the hospitable cove, then hoisted our sail to a fine, fair breeze, before which we ran at about seven knots up King Haakon Sound. The saddle we saw from the boat the first day now showed up clearly, the only track to the interior. We ran up toward a group of rocky islets at the head of the Sound, but noticing a bold little bluff that rose island-like from flats on the left, we made for that. Running round two rocky little points, we came to a long, sloping shingle beach. We lowered the sail, pulled in through a small surf and beached the boat. Next we unloaded, carrying everything above high-water mark.

Just east of us was a marvellous pile of driftwood, covering half an acre, and piled from four to eight feet high in places. This was a graveyard of ships—woeful flotsam and jetsam—sport of the sea: lower masts, topmasts, a great mainyard, ships' timbers, bones of brave ships and bones of brave men. Most of it had drifted a thousand miles from Cape Horn, some of it 2,000 miles or more. Piled in utter confusion lay beautifully carved figureheads, well-turned teak stanchions with brass caps, cabin doors, broken skylights, teak scuttles, binnacle stands, boats' skids, gratings, head boards, barriques and oars. The mighty roaring Southern Ocean, tiring of its sport, had cast them up contemptuously to rot, remnants of proud tall ships with lofty spars, of swift clippers, barques and barquentines. "Some day, Skipper," said Shackleton, "you and I will come and dig here for old treasure, or perhaps sleep quietly with the other old seamen."

We selected the best rollers we could find and, placing them under the boat, soon worked her up on to the land. Five or six hours of strenuous toil and we had got the boat upside down on shingle against a turf-covered rocky bank projecting through the snow. With boulders, tussocks torn up by the roots and turf, we closed the bows, stern and banksides and covered the remaining opening away from the bank with mainsail secured with stones. We placed oars and boards from the wreckage on the thwarts till we formed a beautiful dry upper story to our bjuon cottage, and thoroughly tired out, slept all night the sleep of the conscienceless sailor, lulled by the soft murmurous tones of the sea on the beach.

Next day, a sou'west gale blowing with

continued



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snow squalls, we completed what I called Peggoty House by planting tussocks and moss over it till it looked like an Irish turfied hut. Sir Ernest and I then prospected over the flat at the back of the camp to a huge glacier that, ploughing down, pushed a moraine over the flats. Skirting east along the glacier front and behind the "graveyard," we came to huge "snouts" of ice projecting over 200 yards of the beach. Then we climbed cautiously up on the treacherous surface of the glacier for a quarter of a mile, traversing to the east, and prospected two miles farther on for a route to the saddle, from which we intended to attack the crossing of South Georgia.

When we returned we found the others had completed a rough little sled to drag on our journey and Crean had got the gear generally ready. After hoosh, feeling cold under the boat, we lit a fire and turned in. We got up a comfortable warmth, but were nearly suffocated, and got sicker than ever before it went out.

When we turned out it was stormy as usual, the wind from nor-nor-west with misty rain squalls and comparative warmth, causing the great glacier at the SE corner of the Sound to "calve" frequently with a noise like thunder.

It had been 10 days since we landed and not one of them fine enough to essay a start for the crossing. Now our anxiety was great, as the moon was full, and without fine weather and a full moon together it would be impossible to cross.

King Haakon Sound is on the uninhabited west coast. The whaling stations were all on the east coast. With winter on us, the ever-present fear was that our shipmates on Elephant Island might starve before even Shackleton's feverish anxiety could save them, so we dared not wait for spring and the whalers. As we could not with two enfeebled men take our boat around South Georgia, there was nothing for it but the crossing.

The aspects of the situation and the conditions we should face in the tramp across was as follows:

South Georgia, under the British flag, lies 110 miles WNW and ESE with a very irregular breadth up to 20 miles. The backbone of the island is the great Alardyce Range, averaging 5,000 feet in height and culminating in Mt. Paget, 9,600 feet. Several peaks rise to over 6,000 feet. Huge lateral ranges strike off at about right angles. The interior is a sheet of ice and snow some hundreds of

feet thick except where rocky cliffs and peaks break through.

Terrific gales scourge the coasts of this island of the South, and on the ranges and uplands the storm demons work their wild will and wreak their fury. With some glaciers, crevasses, treacherous frozen lakes, cornice-concealed precipices and deceptively accelerating ice-slopes, this was the country that Shackleton proposed to cross.

The evening of Thursday, May 18, the weather was rapidly improving and at last showed signs of being settled. Sir Ernest decided that if it so continued he, Crean and I would start at 3 a.m. All was ready, and Chips had fixed 16 two-inch brass screws in our boot soles, point down, eight on each foot. These were to give us a good grip on the country. Chips said they were all he had, but a carpenter is a strange bird. He can always go on producing screws and nails. Speak to him kindly and he'll lay another in your hand.

Friday, 2 a.m. Fine clear weather and moon shining brilliantly. Sir Ernest said to me, "We'll get under way now, Skipper." Called all hands, cooked and ate our hoosh, leaving Peggoty Camp at 3 a.m., and by the bright light of the moon easily found our way half an hour later to the sled we had taken out the previous day for the first lap of our journey. Vincent, who had had rheumatism and was still severely chafed from the boat journey, was left in camp. Chips and Macarty accompanied us as far as the sled, where Sir Ernest decided to send them back.

At 4 a.m. we three—Sir Ernest, Crean and I—breasted the steep slope to the saddle, but after dragging the sled for 300 yards we willingly abandoned it with a redistribution of gear and loads as follows: each of us had three days' food—hoosh, three biscuits and two cakes of Streimer's Nutfood—slung in a Burberry sock around our necks. I had the forethought to put a spare pair of not very damp socks on my shoulders, where they dried slightly and also served as a useful pad to my load. Sir Ernest then made as equal a division as possible of the following stores: Primus stove, small nine-inch aluminium cooker, binoculars, small sledging compass, adze with the handle cut down to one foot to hew steps in the ice and about 90 feet of Alpine rope. In addition I had a small piece of the German blue-print chart of South Georgia and a small silver compass given

to me five years before in Switzerland. The larger sledging compass cost five guineas, my little one, half a guinea, but at this work the little fellow won every time. What the others carried I forget. I carried two compasses, binoculars, food and the Alpine rope besides the chronometer with which I had navigated the boat. This was slung around my neck by lamp-wick, inside my sweater, to keep it warm. I remember this very well because I was half strangled with four cords and straps before I coiled the Alpine rope on top of all, as we had to leave our arms clear to use our "Alpenstocks." These were five-foot laths off one of the sledges built for the trans-Antarctic journey. At first I had the worst load, but when we had to rope up four miles after starting, I had slightly the best of it.

Our clothing was, first, a suit of what had been heavy Jaeger underwear. After five months' constant wear it was now rather light. Over this we wore an ordinary pair of trousers. Mine were a dress pair, about which Shackleton used to chaff me, as they were not quite fit for a ballroom. As a matter of fact any one of us would have been turned out of an East End dress-house. We wore heavy Jaeger wool sweaters with an eight-inch blanket-patch pocket across the bosom—very chic. This pocket contained our spoon, half a biscuit, our sweetheart's photo, paper for cigarettes and who knows what besides.

Over the aforesaid rig we had Burberrys instead of furs—a blouse and trousers fastened securely around neck, wrists, waist and ankles so that no air could get in. The Burberrys, being wind-proof, surrounded us with an invisible garment of warmed air but, not being airtight, did not make us perspire as furs would have done.

Our footgear was a heavy pair of socks in felt-lined Shackleton boots, now much the worse for wear. On our heads we wore woollen Baluchava helmets and on our hands a pair of woollen mitts with loose overall Burberry mitts.

After abandoning the sledge the weather became misty, and at 5:30 a.m. we suddenly found ourselves close up to a strange deep pit in the glacier, or ice-sheets, on to which we had unwittingly wandered. It was about 100 feet deep and faced uphill instead of down, so that we only just discovered it in time to save falling in. We tramped steadily on and upwards, and reached the saddle about

continued

6:15, making short halts every quarter of an hour, as Sir Ernest reckoned that was the best way of avoiding fatigue.

Half an hour later we reached the NE slope of the saddle whence, to our surprise, we saw through the scattering mists a great frozen lake, shining in the moon's rays below us. Dawn to the NE, and soon the rosy clouds of mist were lifting and the lake lengthening. Presently we saw it stretching to the horizon. It was, in fact, no lake, but an arm of the sea—Possession Bay. As it was impossible to get along the coast there was nothing for it but to retrace our steps. We diverged to the left as we ascended, and gradually swung round until we were again steering east. About eight the sun rose, our spirits with it. We were travelling over what appeared to be an undulating sheet of snow and ice, and, after crossing a gully, started a long steady ascent that lay across our course at right angles from the main range. The snow over which we were travelling steepened ahead of us to a great ridge through which five rocky crags, or nunataks, reared up like giant fingers with what looked like passes between each pair. The right-hand one being the lowest, Shackleton agreed to my proposal that we should try it. Away to our right the ice-sheets continued up steadily through a great break in the main range, apparently an easy way, but some miles longer and with no certainty of what lay on the other side. It was a prospect of spacious grandeur, solitude and the exquisite purity of Alpine scenery: clear atmosphere, blue skies, a few soft, fleecy clouds and brilliant sunshine on the snow valleys and uplands with black, upthrusting crags and peak beyond peak of the great Allardie Range, snow-clad and majestic, glittering like armed monarchs in the morning sun. The only sounds were the crunch of our feet through the snow and the soft swish of the rope—we were roped now, ready for crevasses. Every step we took we sank halfway to our knees. The ascent grew steeper. At each quarter of an hour, when we halted for a minute, we threw ourselves flat on our backs, spread-eagled and, drawing in great draughts of air, took the most complete rest in the shortest possible time.

Towards noon we reached the "pass," but to our disappointment found, on looking over, precipices and ice-falls, with no possible descent. Between us and the next gap were the precipitous flanks

of a craggy peak, so down we had to go and up again—another steep struggle to the next gap. Halfway up, Sir Ernest ordered "grub."

We reached the second gap and, looking over, found the descent as impossible as before. Again the sickening retreat of our hard-won climb and another still steeper climb past the farther flank of the next peak. As we got up to the third gap, which was a ridge of ice between two peaks, we lost the sun behind the mountains and immediately felt colder. We were about 4,000 feet above sea level (actually 2,500 feet—ED.). Thinking my feet were frost-bitten, as their feeling was not yet normal after the boat journey, I took off my footgear at the next stop, but found my feet all right.

The third gap was a ridge of ice between two peaks with a broken-up descent on the far side that might or might not have been possible. I wanted to try it, but Sir Ernest, with his usual caution, said, no, and very likely he was right; but we all felt fed up with our wearying search up and down, up and down, for a road through.

On arriving at the end of this traverse across a very steep slope we found our way checked by a great chasm, cut down into the snow and ice by the wind and gales blowing round the flank of the next peak. We approached the edge gingerly and, lying down on the cornice, where it projected least, we peered over and down through the fading light into a gloomy gulf about 200 feet deep and broad and 2,000 feet long. Two battleships could have been hidden in it, but what impressed us most was the fearful force of the elements that had cut and chiselled it out. We knew that if a gale came on we could live but an hour or so on these wind-thrashed summits and uplands.

Zigzagging up to the right and cutting steps in the steep slope with the adze, we arrived at the fourth gap, a razor-back of ice, as darkness came on.

A sea fog that had been creeping up behind us from the west now completely obscured all the country we had crossed, and it was impossible in the darkness to the east of this great ridge to see what the descent was like. We straddled the ridge, legs dangling, and debated the point, with mist wreaths drifting over and between us but fortunately going no farther. Darkness in front, fog behind—there was not much choice, but from the third gap it had looked as though there

might be a way down here, and finally "Shacks" said, "We'll try it." Cutting every step with the adze and keeping the rope taut between us, he led us down for about 200 yards, the slope easing a little all the time. He halted, and we worked down and sat on the little ledge he had cut. In the darkness it was impossible to see whether the slope steepened to a precipice or eased out on to the level that seemed so dim and far below. It looked like the latter, so again he said, "We'll try it." Each coiling our share of the rope beneath us for chafing gear I straddled behind Sir Ernest, holding his shoulder. Crean did the same to me, and so, locked together, we let go. I was never more scared in my life than for the first 30 seconds. The speed was terrific. I think we all gasped at that hair-raising shoot into darkness. Crean had hard work to prevent the short-handled adze coming round and cutting us. Then to our joy the slope curved out, and we shot into a bank of soft snow. We estimated we had shot down a mile in two or three minutes and had lowered our altitude by 2,000 or 3,000 feet [more likely, half a mile and 1,300 feet—ED.]. We stood up and shook hands, very pleased with ourselves, until we inspected our trousers. Bad enough before, they were in rags now. No more glissades!

Crean attended to the Primus. Sir Ernest filled the cooker with packed snow and I dug a two-foot pit in the snow in which the Primus was placed and lit to prevent it being blown out by a moderate but piercing cold wind that had just started down from the main range.

The hoosh was splendid: boiling hot. After scraping the pot we resumed our march, going with the wind which was now falling light. Through the darkness we could see two great rocky bluffs on our right, running back to a ridge of rocky spikes and needles and flanked by *arêtes* and ice-falls nearly ahead on our eastern course. These forced us a little to the left but not too much, for we knew, by what we had seen from the ridge before dark, that on that side were dangerous glaciers, crevasses and ice-cliffs. So we cautiously worked our way in the dark up an easy grade along what might be described as a narrow terrace of the ice-sheet that sloped in two directions—Towards us and to the sea on our left, where we could faintly make out Antarctic Bay.

Now a faint, luminous glow showed behind the spikes and rocky needles to

continued

For Joel Sartorius, higher education included the roof of San Marco.

That's Joel in the middle.

And that's the roof of San Marco cathedral he's standing on, high above the canals and gondolas of Venice.

Last year Joel went to Italy to study its art, as one of 59 young men and women on ITT International Fellowships.

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should be a big help to him as a teacher.

The people he met learned something about him, too.

And about us Americans.

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the ridge to the SE. Behind the mountains the moon began to rise. Soon we saw a tiny arc of silver at the bottom of a gorge, showing at the next gap a little larger, and so, playing hide-and-seek, the moon inclined upwards until she cleared the last pillar of rock, emerging clear, full and radiant to gladden our hearts and guide our footsteps with her kindly light.

Most of the way we had been sinking into the snow, often to our knees, which made tramping a weariness. Now, to our relief, the surface got so firm that we seldom sank over our ankles and, guided by the moon, we made for every hard patch that we could see ahead. Sometimes we would go along for over a hundred yards without sinking in at all, and laughed and shouted with joy. We had been tramping for 16 hours. Sir Ernest now made the halts about every 20 minutes and, as before, we spread-eagled on our backs for two minutes' rest.

At 11, near the great domed rock, we made hoosh but, the air being almost calm, a tiny pit in the snow was enough to protect the Primus flame.

At midnight we were at the top and looking down a long slope bearing a little to the left to a large open bay. Shackleton fearing we might overshoot Stromness Bay whaling station, which would have been fatal, we decided to make down the NE slope. The easy descent lured us on. It was grand, swinging on with only an occasional check, though the freer striding chafed the inside of our thighs, previously irritated with constant wettings from salt water, until they were raw and bleeding.

By 2 a.m. we had come down so far that we could see some small rocky islets in the bay beneath us, and we discussed whether or not they could be the Blenheim Rocks in Stromness Bay. Suddenly we found ourselves in a crevassed area, so we knew we were approaching the breaking-off edge of some glacier. As there was no such glacier in Stromness Bay, we must have turned too soon towards the sea. Shackleton said, "We must turn back for a while." Wearily we retraced our footsteps upwards for nearly a mile, then gradually curved off to the left, as we had done the previous morning from Possession Bay. The slope to the SE became very steep, and I think this was the weariest part of the whole journey, partly no doubt from the hopeless feeling at having to climb again to previously hard-won heights.

This was not to be wondered at. As the interior was unknown, there was no chart of it, and recognition of the bits of the coast we could see was difficult by moonlight.

I was roped in the rear, and noticed the ropes so slack several times that it was hard to avoid treading on it. Once in fact I did so. This is irritating to the others in ordinary mountaineering, but with fatigued men it is almost more than they can bear if it happens often and, following the example of our leader, we all did our utmost to help and consider each other and avoid any cause of annoyance. Teamwork was pulling us through. Although Crean and I had several times asked Sir Ernest to let us take the lead for a while he would not, but led the whole journey, though it was certainly more exhausting breaking the trail. In normal times he would sometimes be irritable, but never when things were going badly and we were up against it.

The slope up which we were going got very steep. We were making for the only opening in a ridge of rocky mountains which lay athwart our course. This reminded one of the gap left when a tooth has been drawn. The snow ran up into and through it.

About 5 a.m. we reached the lower flank of the great buttress of rock on the right, and feeling woefully sleepy and weary, we lay our three sticks across a corner in the rocks, sat on them, all three snuggling together for warmth and leaning back against the rock. Crean and I fell asleep instantly. Shackleton, with his unselfishness and care of his men, kept awake, fearing if we all slept we should never awaken again.

After we had slept for 10 minutes, in Shackleton's words, "I woke them and told them they had been asleep for half an hour and the moral effect of my deception did them as much good as if they had been." I certainly felt wonderfully refreshed.

The slope grew steeper still, and we struggled up it until just after 6 o'clock, when we reached the gap. In a tiny terrace of snow we dug a hole and started the Primus. While Crean cooked hoosh Sir Ernest and I unroped, worked our way up to a better point of vantage and looked for the best course. It was a clear, calm, lovely morning, the moon, her good work done, paling in the west, the dawn breaking.

Almost straight below were the dark

waters of Fortuna Bay, with a great valley at the head, half filled with a mighty glacier that swept round the mountains with a noble curve, and was fed by another glacier that broke farther south through the ridge on which we were standing, so there seemed to be no road there. Beyond the valley was another transverse ridge, much lower than the one we were on, and beyond that some glimpses of the water of Stromness Bay—our goal. Sir Ernest recognized a remarkable Z-shaped stratification of the great rocky face on the far side of Stromness Bay, and we felt safe. No fear of overshooting our mark now or losing our way.

Immediately in front of us the slope was precipitous. It went off, so far as we could tell, into a sheer cliff, but to the right it looked as though there was a possible descent. It seemed too good to be true, and I said so quite solemnly to Sir Ernest. We felt happy now we could see the end of our journey.

Sir Ernest asked me for the time. It was 6:55. He said, "We'll listen for the whaling station's whistle." Sure enough at 7 through the still morning air came the welcome sound of the turn-to whistles of the whaling station—the first sound of civilization we had heard for 18 months.

As Sir Ernest said, "Never did music sound so sweet to our ears as that whistle."

For the second time on the journey we shook hands, and I could not refrain from yelling, "Yocks! Tally-Ho!"

The oil in the Primus was finished. We threw it away—a slight lightening of our load. Everything we could get rid of was a help by freeing our arms and hands for difficult ascents and descents or saving something dangling round one's neck or shoulders.

Bearing to the right we made our way for half a mile downward and across a fairly sharp slope which steepened gradually to a dangerous angle. I said it appeared as though we would have to turn back and find a better way down. Shackleton said, "No, we'll try it." I think he felt we were drawing near the end of our tether, and it was now or never.

Keeping the rope taut between us he cut steps with the adze diagonally across the ice-slope. For 100 yards it was touch-and-go—every lump of ice that started down gave one bump on the slope and then flew off into space. A single slip from

continued



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one of us would have meant the end of all three.

Past the danger point was a steep slope, down which steps had to be cut for a short distance. Crean at the back and I in the middle "anchored" at each step until Shackleton had cut the next. Presently we found ourselves on a slope that was faced with an inch or less of ice. The slope seemed too steep to hold snow, but it had probably been plastered and pocked against the mountain face by heavy gales. The surface had then been melted by the summer sun and frozen at night till it all held together.

Sir Ernest, lying flat on his back on the slope, eased himself down till he sat on one heel. Raising the other in the air at full length, he crashed it down through the inch of ice, forming a heel rest. Then, lowering himself onto that heel, he repeated the performance with the other, while we did the same and kept the rope taut. The second or third man's heel crashing into the same hole made it so large that it was easy for the rear man—Crean, a big, strong fellow—to hold the party safely. Now we made rapid and fairly easy progress down, not having to cut steps. We were walking downhill, lying flat on our backs. So steep was it that we felt an unreasonable fear, whenever we lifted our heads off the snow, that we would fall outwards and down.

For about 1,000 feet we came down so, till the slope eased, and we reached rocky gradients and ravines among the snow. Then we crossed low hills, all rocks, pot-holes and ravines covered with snow. At last we got clear of this and onto the shore—15 minutes' splendid tramping over a level beach. From here we could look up and see a faint thin line, zagging in places—our tracks on the incredible face we had descended.

We passed several inquisitive gentoo penguins, like little Charlie Chaplins, and many sea elephants, until we came to the front of the great glacier which, fortunately, did not quite reach the sea.

There were long gravelly flats, debris from the glacier, almost like quicksand, in which we sank halfway to our knees. The going was good for half a mile along the beach at the head of Fortuna Bay. Here we saw reindeer tracks and a dead sea elephant shot by some "sportsman." Then past some low cliff, and over rough country we made our way inland. As we ascended, the going became better, and now we looked for the best way into

Stromness Bay, a big, forked sound with three whaling stations—Husvik, Stromness and Leith—all run by Norwegians, although Leith station is owned by a Scotsman named Salvesen. Leith and Stromness were nearer, but the question was which was the easier to get to. Sir Ernest decided for Stromness, so we bore a little farther to the right.

Soon we were going along in great style, when suddenly Crean fell through up to his middle in ice-water. We were crossing a lake without knowing it. We pulled him out, and hurriedly but gingerly made our way to the nearest raised surface.

After this, at about 11, we had a biscuit, some Streimer's Nutfood, three or four lumps of sugar and some snow. Crean was a bit cold but otherwise none the worse for his ducking.

On again up rough country, till finally, at 1:15, we were standing on a summit looking down on Stromness Bay with two whalers steaming across it like tiny

This is an excerpt from "Shackleton's Last Journey" by Commander F.A. Worsley, issued by the Folio Society, London.

insects on the water. We could also see part of the whaling station. I yelled and waved against the skyline but, of course, no one saw or heard. We shook hands for the third time. It was cloudy now with a moderate southerly wind.

There was a very steep slope down towards the station, and I wanted to take it, but Sir Ernest thought it too steep, so we bore to the left down a valley.

The little valley down which we were travelling got steeper and narrower, until we were forced to tramp along in a stream of icy water, in the middle sometimes knee-deep. I remember that it seemed a great hardship to us to be doing the last lap in this beastly cold water.

Presently the ravine ceased. There was a precipice and a waterfall across our course, and the sides of the ravine were like walls. Unless we went a mile back up the stream there was no way on except down the waterfall, which was about 50 feet high.

We looked at it and then at each other. Frankly we did not like it, but we liked still less the idea of going back up that stream. There was no place to make the rope fast, but the solid rock on which we were standing had a slight bulge upwards and at the back went down to a hollow.

We hung the rope down the waterfall, leading it over the bulge and down to the hollow where there was a fathom left. This I bunched up and stamped into the rock as much as I could. Then we threw the adze and the pot down onto the rocks below. It was quite easy to hold the rope over the rough rock, and I suggested to Sir Ernest that, as I was the lightest I should come down last, and they could catch me if the rope slipped. He went first in the waterfall, slid down all right and stood on the rocks on one side. Crean went next and stood on the other side. Then I eased myself over gingerly and, in sailor fashion, slid rapidly down so as to put no weight on the rope until just before I reached their outstretched hands, where I checked hard, expecting the rope to come with me as they caught me. To my surprise it held, and then a strange thing happened.

The three of us tugged and hauled on that rope but could not dislodge it, though it only lay over the rock and was not made fast to anything. It might have been frozen; anyway, we left it there, and picking up the cooker and the adze went on down the rocks till we reached snow-covered hills, over which we travelled for half a mile. We got to some frozen marshy flats very slippery with ice. Here, almost at the end of our journey, we nearly had an accident. The two-inch screws that we had in our boot soles at the start had in the course of our 36 hours' strenuous tramp worn down till they were flush with the leather and useless, so we slipped about and, being tired, fell heavily several times, which shook us up badly and annoyed us very much, as we considered our troubles should be over. Crean fell right on the adze blade and narrowly missed cutting himself dangerously.

Now a few hundred yards brought us to the longed-for station. No one had seen us.

I tried to adjust my rage. Sir Ernest loved to tell the tale against me that I said: "Boss, there might be women here." Sir Ernest: "What of it?" I: "Well, look at us, but I'm all right." Sir Ernest: "Oh, you're all right? How's that?" And he would say, "Worsley produced three large safety-pins. I asked for one, and he said, 'Not on your life,' and proceeded to pin himself together, but when Crean and I inspected the result we decided he had only drawn attention to his own deficiencies."

continued

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Fortunately there were no ladies; still, we were a terrible-looking trio of scarecrows, but had got so used to ourselves that we did not mind. Ragged, filthy and evil-smelling, hair and beards long and matted with soot and blubber, unwashed for three months and no bath or change of clothing for seven months. Fortunately, we had no vermin.

It was 3 p.m. Coming round the first building we met a Norwegian, wheeling a barrow. Sir Ernest asked him where Captain Sorlee was. He stared at us in amazement, grunted and went on. Next we met two Norwegian lads of 17 or 18. I think they thought we were the devil; anyway, they bolted. We went on to Sorlee's house, and met a foreman. Sir Ernest asked him for Captain Sorlee. He said, "What do you want?" Shackleton said, "I want to see him. I know him." The man went inside and told Sorlee, "There are three funny-looking men outside, they say they know you." Sorlee came out and Shackleton said, "Do you know me, Sorlee?" Sorlee said, "No." Then I said, "Do you know me?" He looked at me and said emphatically, "No." and evidently did not want to. When Shackleton told him we had lost our ship and crossed the island, Sorlee almost dragged us in. In the porch, feeling ashamed of our state, we took off our boots and some of our outer clothing.

Sir Ernest to be polite said to Sorlee, "I'm afraid we smell." But he replied, "That doesn't matter, we're used to it on a whaling station!"

By magic a civilized afternoon tea appeared, and while we ate cake, bread and jam and scones and drank coffee, we exchanged news with Sorlee, telling him bits of our adventures, and he telling of the Great War to three Rip Van Winkles who listened in amazement to what had happened.

After retrieving their three companions from the other side of South Georgia by means of a whaler, Sir Ernest, Worsley and Crean turned to the rescue of the 22 shipmates left behind on Elephant Island. Three attempts to three different ships failed to penetrate the pack ice. As a fourth vessel broke through, Sir Ernest peered anxiously through binoculars. "They're all here, Skipper!" he shouted to Worsley. "They're all safe." And as Worsley tells us, "His face lit up and years seemed to fall off his age." **END**

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Rock 'n' Roll Big City Style

Where ice is available, the passion of American youth for hockey is understandable, but that same ardor is surprisingly strong where ice is scarce, as Photographer Walter Iooss Jr. reveals on these pages. New York kids simply clamp on roller skates instead and contrive to find their own veins of Orr on streets and iceless rinks.

Street scenes like the one at right in Brooklyn—the players operating on the assumption that they will not be maimed by approaching motor vehicles, but alert as deer nonetheless—are becoming rarer as the game proliferates on rink and playground. The action is its own reward; no roller hockeyist will ever make it to the NHL.





It is played against the graffiti of a Manhattan alley and in a Brooklyn park by the waters of the Verrazano Narrows—anywhere, everywhere. Individualists all, the players wear a little of this and a little of that. They are street wise and proud of it, and they make the most of what they have.







Here a Guy Can Wheel for Real

In the beginning it was played as a challenge: the Fourth St. Eagles against the Fifth St. Ducks. The kids would clamp on roller skates, shin guards made of *The Saturday Evening Post* and 49¢ workman's gloves. They bounced each other off parked cars, chasing a rubber ball or a piece of wood. A fat kid always played goalie. He stood in his sneakers between two parked cars, a first baseman's glove on his hand and a cushion he had stolen out of a moving van tucked under his belt. There were no offside, but every time the little rascal who stayed in front of the other guys' goal put one in, kids would shout, "Hey, man, you hangin', you hangin'." That don't count." Every one would turn to the biggest kid, whose name was Mickey or Maxie or Mario, and he would decide. The name of the game was street hockey.

Then the Parks Department and Police Athletic League built chicken-wire cages and moved the games into playgrounds. Pro hockey expanded in 1967 and the city game followed. Rinks were built, leagues formed, rules and equipment standardized. Now people play in the street only when they have to. The name of the game is roller hockey.

They say it started in Canada the day a kid took a branch and swatted a hunk of frozen horse manure, but its character is urban U.S.A., in Canada they have ice skates—and ice. From out of the Depression it came, a game for kids with more ingenuity than money. It is iceless ice hockey and it is replacing stickball in urban folklore.

In New York City there are only seven ice-skating rinks but there are hundreds of playgrounds for roller skating. Roller-hockey equipment costs at least \$50 per kid, nearly as much as an ice-

hockey outfit, but there are no charges for ice time, and league registration fees are minimal.

"There's action and hating," says Ray-Ray Recco, 12, of Brooklyn. "It takes coordination and talent," says his 16-year-old friend Steve Cibelli. "I like the contact," offers Tim Spillane, 12, of Manhattan. A 25-year-old telephone repairman who still plays on weekends says, "It's the greatest game there is. It has competition, contact, movement. Baseball? You going to watch strikes go by for nine innings?"

The three New York rinks built especially for roller hockey are located in Brooklyn, the showcase a \$50,000 layout in Sheepshead Bay, where some 240 youngsters from 10 to 18 play for the Kings Bay Boys Club. There are stands, lights, an enclosed scorer's booth and an electronic scoreboard. Play had been moved there a couple of years ago from Gerlisen Beach, which had become known for "partying" up, a New York euphemism for drinking, fighting and turning on.

Recently the Black Aces were playing the Gold Bruins at Kings Bay for the last playoff spot in the Senior Division (15-18). Chasing the "puck," a donut-shaped roll of black tape that bounced as much as it slid, players showed commendable finesse. And true grit. They banged one another off the boards and onto the hard pavement. "There's more contact than in hockey," said Frank (Paco) Witkowski, 18, a local hero. "It's harder to play because it takes more out of you." Joe Volpe, the league president who also was serving as the P.A. announcer, said, "You're not going to stop on a dime, either. You're going to stop on a quarter. And because of the fiber-glass wheels, if you stop wrong, you're going to box them." He paused to speak into a mike: "Penalty for Volpe." He went on, "That's my brother Steve. My other brother coaches."

With three seconds left and the Blacks leading 2-1, Steve Volpe bloodied a Black

Ace kid's nose. Gloves flew off. Golds and Blacks held each other while the officials tried to separate Volpe and victim. Vintage NHL. After time ran out, the goalies went at it, and Steve decided to join in. Brother Joe grabbed him from behind. "I'm going to take you home in a straitjacket," he said.

"This doesn't happen often," Joe said later. "It happened because they were going for that last playoff spot." Despite some postgame threats, eventually there were soul handshakes all around.

On a given playground you can see them all: Irish, Jews, Poles, Germans, Swedes and especially Italians, Blacks and Latins, hitherto nonparticipants because they lacked money, facilities, localized programs and NHL heroes, are starting to trickle in. "It reflects the community," says Bill Sansone, president of Manhattan's Midtown-North Precinct Community Council, as he watches some melting-pot marvels play on West 49th Street.

Organized play has tripled in a year, and there now are 1,000 teams and 18,000 kids playing in the New York park leagues. Roller hockey is played in at least a dozen Eastern, Southern and Midwestern states, led by New York, Massachusetts and Virginia. In some places it has become downright fashionable. Bobby Clarke and Phil Esposito put out equipment in their names and Norman MacIver has taken to reminiscing about his street-hockey days in Brooklyn.

"You have to think big," says Ray Miller, a 50-year-old Parks' man who led the drive to build Brooklyn's oldest rink in Borough Park. "I'd like to see a Madison Square Garden of roller hockey. It has to be exposed on TV."

But with growth come problems. Kids are quick to imitate the violence of adult leagues and the NHL. And, inevitably, there is talk of the benefits of "keeping the kids off the street." The name of the game used to be keeping the kids on the street.

—JIM KAPLAN

Feminine fans eye the action at a Brooklyn rink as a would-be Beliveau goes over the boards, and a ref demonstrates child care, roller division.

Two summers ago Henry George Wilkie, a retired director of Brown & Company, Ltd., a British import-export firm, received word of his son David's selection to the All-America swimming team by something called the NCAA. This curious piece of intelligence left David's hometown of Aberdeen, Scotland perplexed, his parents nonplussed. Now what was a Scottish lad, clan Macdonald on both sides, doing on an All-America team? Not that Mr. Wilkie was worried. But he did give up his trips to the Highland trout streams and kept interrupting his wife's gardening until an exchange of transatlantic letters more or less sorted things out.

The Wilkies never did quite comprehend; they had to take it on faith that this NCAA business was another honor in the amfuf garnered by young David.

In recent years those honors, most notably a silver medal in the 200-meter breaststroke at the 1972 Olympics, have come thick and fast, particularly since he enrolled at the University of Miami in 1973, joining Coach Bill Duz' legion of foreign swimmers. In March the

first-semester freshman beat his arch-rivals from Stanford, John (The Rocket Man) Hencken and perennial 200-yard breaststroke champion Brian Job, in the NCAA championships at Knoxville, Tenn. Five months later at Belgrade's world swimming championship Wilkie set a world record of 2:19.28 in the 200-meter breaststroke. Then last August at the European championship in Vienna he swam the 200-meter individual medley in 2:06.32, to add another world record to his collection. His triumph in this, the most versatile and demanding swimming event, was more than an embellishment. It firmly placed Scotland's David Wilkie center pool in international swimming.

One honor that followed needed no clarification to be understood by Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie: David was accorded the M.B.E. (Most Excellent Order of the British Empire) by Queen Elizabeth. There was barely time to have the M.B.E. framed and hung before Hencken broke Wilkie's breaststroke record and USC's Steve Furniss tied his IM mark. With the 1975 collegiate season churning to its clo-

max next week at the NCAA championships in Cleveland, Wilkie the pursuer is now the pursuer girding himself for another go at Hencken and at the same time trying to stay No. 1 in the IM.

In a sport where records may last all of a minute, and preeminence is transitory, Wilkie is an anomaly. His moments of glory have inevitably been saved for the big meets and, wonder of wonders, David Andrew Wilkie improves with age.

Nonetheless, Scotland's anxiety over Wilkie is understandable. It could ill afford to lose a world sports hero of any description. Outside of a pair of world champion auto racers and a recent lightweight boxing champion, the rallying cry of "Scotland, the Brave" is nowadays most often an anguished shout of frustration. And as far as swimmers go, the firths and Highlands have proved to be a hostile environment. Before Wilkie, Scotland had produced only four world-class swimmers in the decades since World War II.

"A man has to be a hardy soul to swim outdoors at any time in Scotland," says another displaced Scot, Iun McCready,

OUTSIDER IN THE MAINSTREAM



whose interest in swimming drew him to the Miami area. "Then again we don't have enough long hotels [Olympic-size pools] to condition the lads for international competition." Despite the unfavorable climate and the lack of baths, David Wilkie has attained a proficiency in the water equalled only by half a dozen humans. "The Wilk is a solid blue-slopper," says Diaz. "All he is going to do is get better and better and better."

This bodes ill for the Hendricks and Luffesses and well for Miami and Diaz, who says facetiously, "I am one of the few Puerto Ricans to make it." The combination of a Scot who prevailed and a Puerto Rican who made it has done wonders for the U. of Miami. Five years ago, when Diaz reluctantly agreed to leave Miami Springs High, the university had never scored a point at the NCAA championships. In 1973, with Wilkie leading a team heavy on Latin American Olympians and South Africans, Miami placed a creditable 12th and eight of its swimmers were designated All-Americans. Last year Diaz' proteges finished ninth in the NCAA's, and the authoritative monthly *Swimming World* picks them to hold that ranking in Cleveland.

Besides his Latin American pipeline, Diaz has a salesman's flair. For exam-

ple, the outdoor training pool is bordered by cubanos and decorated by colorful bikinis. "Our plant sells the program," says Diaz.

At first, the setting seemed a little odd to Wilkie, a 1972 graduate of Florida Stewart College, an Edinburgh boarding school. Recently, he was passing through a breezeway en route to the student union and the pool. A loud-speaker in front of a booth for Aid to Israel blared *Hatikva*, the Israeli national anthem, which clunch of Cubans shrilled in Spanish. The multicultural din was shattering, but the Scot was oblivious to it. He was lost in to his own thoughts.

Sitting by the pool, Wilkie said he had spent so much time in the water that he was slightly disoriented moving upright. "I look at my legs when I stand," he said. "They howl in." In truth, on land Wilkie has the appearance of some long-legged bird, a heron or ibis. At each step he seems to be waiting for a splash. Obviously, water is his preferred habitat, and although he has traveled around the world for competition, never had he seen anything like the Miami pool. "It's a distraction, but somehow a distraction I don't mind," he said, glancing at the non-bathing beauties.

Wilkie wears goggles in his races and these, along with an orange bathing cap, make up what he refers to as his "trademark." He is the first world-class swimmer to wear goggles in competition and the sci-fi effect delights him. The goggles, anyway, are practical, especially on the turns. They allow him to look quickly left and right for the opposition, like a man crossing Times Square keeping an eye out for the traffic. There is an art to this, and in the backstroke he had problems mastering it. At Belgrade, Wilkie was leading in the IM until the backstroke leg, when he became too involved with looking instead of anticipating the end of the pool, bashed his head and finished a dazed third.

He has yet to conk his skull in Miami practices, but he would be better advised to wear blinders, as would his teammates, for Diaz is an ardent champion of equal rights for women athletes. Miami has 12 girl swimmers on scholarship and the university's women's team is of national championship caliber. The best of the women work out with the men. No one is complaining, but some of the male

swimmers and the resters deplore the pressing. "It's scary," says Diaz. "If you don't work hard enough, the girls are going to beat us."

"It's different," says Wilkie. "In Scotland the coaches are so very dignified and serious. Here the coach wants to catch you but he believes in laughing and fun. When he says, 'Dave, baby, you're going to win,' I want to break up. But if you fail, Diaz is very understanding. He knows that you're upset. I respect him for it."

Wilkie appreciates Diaz for more than his gentle hand at coaching. They are friends. Despite gaps in age, culture and temperament, the 49-year-old Puerto Rican and the 20-year-old Scot have a strong mutual interest. They are both avowed team men. "It's touching to be with a team," says Wilkie. "There's a sense of closeness that I enjoy. You share a common, unselfish goal."

Without this sense of identity, Wilkie would be one lonely Scot. He certainly has little rapport with most of the Miami students, while the U.S. as a whole he finds totally bewildering.

"Oh, they're friendly enough, too bloody friendly," says Wilkie of his contemporaries. "But how does anyone know when he is put on?" His outlook on the country is equally bloody-minded. "The Watergate went on endlessly, and to what end?" he says. As a result, Wilkie chose to live in a news vacuum during his first few months in the U.S., apparently trying to ease the culture shock. "What bothers me most of all is the certainty about everything. This is a big, great country but how can Americans be so bloody positive, so certain that what they do has a divine direction? I guess I am a strange fish for these waters." After a pause he allows that David Wilkie could be an oddity in any environment: "I was even atypical of Scottish prep-school boys. I don't know who I am. I just know I'm a different person."

To begin with, Wilkie is a traditionalist, and you go on from there and arrive at a picture of a 19th century romantic. "The passing of tradition is tragic," he says bleakly. "People are already faceless, and soon they will be nameless. Even Scotland is affected, and Scots don't change quickly. I like the idea of the clans, just about anything that gives a man a strong sense of identifica-

continued

While yearning for another time in another place, Scotsman David Wilkie has carved a niche for himself at the University of Miami with his world-record swimming

tion. Once the empire did that for the British, but it too is passing. The changes are difficult to accept."

Mementos are important to him. He has been an ocean distant from parents and home since he first left for prep school at age 11. Until three years ago, home was Sri Lanka (formerly Ceylon), where his father managed the Brown & Company interests. "In the last eight years I've spent a lot of time thinking of home, parents and friends," Wilkie says. "Of good times, of old times. That's why I like Burns' verse *Auld Lang Syne*. The New Year is treated very seriously in Scotland. It's called First Footing. Everybody visits friends at midnight and the host will offer you whiskey, shortbread and currant cake. In turn, you're meant to bring a gift. Anything will do: a lump of coal or kipper. In Ceylon everyone gathered at the club and would listen on the radio for Big Ben to strike the New Year from London. Big Ben would bong and the band would strike up *Auld Lang Syne*. It brings back old memories. In case you couldn't tell, I am an emotional, sentimental person."

In choosing a college, Wilkie was characteristically deliberate. It was no coach's siren song that brought him to Miami. In fact, Diaz barely had to exercise a vocal cord, thanks to Tyrone Tozer, Johannesburg's gift to the Miami coeds and one of Diaz' original recruits, who did most of the spadework, bending Wilkie's ear at a Commonwealth meet. Tozer may have oversold the university. As salesmen are apt to do, Tyrone got carried away with his pitch. He related the classic tales of Sun Tan U., a sort of Arabian Nights with credits.

Miami has long since outgrown its frivolous image. It is a serious big city university with highly regarded programs in a number of fields. Miami academicians point out that the law school twice won the International Moot Court competition, that the university was one of a select few in the country to receive lunar samples for research and that one of its artists-in-residence is renowned concert pianist Ivan Davis.

In tune with most recruitments, fun and games were emphasized when Diaz flew Wilkie in from Scotland for a weekend late in the fall of 1972. "It's cheaper than flying a kid in from the West Coast," says the coach, who kept his contact with Wilkie down to a handshake and a few straight words.

In all probability, the weekend was no more than the average reception for a hot football prospect. To Wilkie it was an impressive do, with enough of a touch of the old Sun Tan U. to make Tozer's tales plausible. "I was overwhelmed," he says. "Tozer and Robert Vandermerwe, another South African swimmer, met me at the airport. Robert drove his own E-Type Jag while Tozer had a borrowed Corvette. I suppose I should have realized it was a bit much but, frankly, I was impressed." The social schedule was hectic; it was meant to be. There was a date with a Timet, one of the coeds who serve as timers at swim meets, a football game, parties and a stop at a Playboy Club. In the end Diaz was encouraged. Wilkie had been given a game football but left it behind saying he would reclaim it upon his return. "I mean the kid was telling us, Miami, I'm yours," said the coach.

Not quite. First Wilkie considered and weighed all his options. "Harvard was interested, but I understand that's a difficult school," he recalls thinking, "so if I had gone there, I probably would not swim." The University of Edinburgh was considered but dismissed. Wilkie needed a change of scene and, besides, the training conditions were dismal. Ultimately, he settled on Miami because he could have his course and swim, too. Miami's department of oceanography is pre-eminent, and Wilkie had planned to become a marine biologist. Since then his interests have changed and he is majoring in communications.

Although he never discovered the Miami marvels Tozer described, Wilkie is philosophical. "As it turns out, Tyrone told me a lot of rubbish," he says. "All about the good life, the fun and parties, that sort of thing. I suppose Tozer was just borrowing from the truth. Actually, he is a pleasant person and an excellent conversationalist."

Wilkie is not nearly as tolerant of "rubbish" as he sounds. Basically, he is a rather square, straight-down-the-middle Scot, although he has shoulder-length, sun-bleached hair and a wispy mustache, and his ready sense of humor saves him from being a bit much—or too unworldly—to take.

Recently, there was a rumor that beards and mustaches were to be outlawed during swimming season. Someone asked Wilkie if he expected to be exempted. "Not at all," he replied coolly.

"This mustache only took 20 years. I suppose I have 20 left to grow another."

The British newspapers often refer to Wilkie as Jungle Boy because of his birthplace. Sri Lanka, in fact, explains much about the manner of today's Miami student. The 11 years he spent there did not prepare him for athletic stardom, American-style. The seven years he lived in a Scottish prep school were no help along those lines, either. He has no concept of the opportunities available to a "privileged athlete," and is amused by the attention he gets.

For his part, Diaz is baffled by Wilkie. "He's different, superintelligent, and take it from there," the coach says. "He's a puzzle, a definite puzzle, but I'm working on it. Give me time."

Wilkie is likely to be one Diaz puzzle that remains unsolved. While the coach was fighting his way to modest fame and fortune Wilkie was growing up colonial-style, with a Ceylonese nanny and a full staff of native servants. "The beach was just over the seawall from the club. It was the center of social activity," says Wilkie dreamily. "The building was a white colonial, with a large porch and a long run of green lawn. The adults sat in deck chairs sipping gin drinks or whiskey brought by servants in sarongs and white jackets with silver buttons. They were the ones dressed up, but we called them 'boys.' There were three pools and the beach for the kids to muck around on. It was the best of all times."

He means it and pines for an era of gracious living he believes has vanished with the empire, a loss that embittered his father, who was forced into a premature retirement. To David, East is best. He talks of a cleaner, greener land as if he were a retired pukka sahib. His favorite food is Ceylonese curry; haggis he was happy to leave behind in Scotland. Nothing measures up to Ceylon's standards, definitely not Miami's crowded beaches and polluted bay. "Ceylon is the land I identify with, the place I call home, where I want to be," he says.

All this despite the fact Wilkie has been gone from Ceylon for nine years, when he left for boarding school in Edinburgh. Actually, his mother and father brought him back and stayed a month while he settled in. "My father enrolled me in a swim club and bought me a membership at a place called The Warrender Bath Club, so I would have a chance to get away from school," he recalls.

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And those handles, which look simple enough, are actually carefully cut out and smoothed and tapered to give you a more comfortable grip.



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The David Wilkie of this period would have been a stranger to the dedicated swimmer student Bill Diaz knows. It was a time of aimless Holden Caulfield adventures. Indeed, Wilkie identifies with Caulfield, except that he never believed life was pointless. "I've always known what I'm doing, understood when something was wrong... but then I did it anyway," he says, refusing to find excuses. "I thieved, played hooky, went to the soccer matches, read comics and ate sweets at the cafeteria. Mostly, I just mucked around, losing all my money on pinball machines and hanging out at the carnival grounds."

At that point, Wilkie gave swimming less time than he did Stewart's College. "I wouldn't go to practice for months, and Frank Thomas, the coach, a good man, got disgusted with me." But the truancy slackened and interest increased after a victory over a more advanced swimmer. The triumph hardly rated headlines, but it was Wilkie's first successful response to a challenge.

Just before his turnaround, Wilkie had been a no-account freestyler. "You swim to win," he says, "and as a freestyler I was not making progress. Basically, I'm lazy, and there was nothing to move me, to push me. Almost immediately after I was switched to the breaststroke I improved, and my times have continued to drop. But that first time, there was a sense of power, an exaltation in winning. I had a sense of accomplishment, and suddenly I saw that I had a chance to achieve."

"He's got that mean streak great swimmers must have to succeed," says Diaz, who claims Wilkie is one of those able to fight through the pain barrier. "It cannot be done unless you're mad—which I am not," counters Wilkie, rejecting the pain "rubbish".

However, his success in the breaststroke could be in part a matter of a body peculiarly adapted to the event. The breaststroke is swimming's slowest competitive race, yet perhaps the most difficult. The effort is enormously painful, for the stroke makes no allowance for the structure of the human form. Anatomically, the body was not meant to move in the manner prescribed. The rules demand that a portion of the head always be out of the water; meanwhile, the hands and arms must move simultaneously and always horizontally. Freedancing right or left in the slightest degree is disallowed. Moreover, the legs

and feet must go through the same simultaneous horizontal rigmarole. And there is an added filip: the feet must be turned out at the back of the kick. That is what the rules decree, but in practice allowances are made for creative stroking. The butterfly is a spin-off of the breaststroke, an attempt by officials to pin down a narrow interpretation. Yet the variations go on. Some critics claim the Japanese 200-meter Olympic bronze medal winner, Nobutaka Taguchi, should have been disqualified at Munich. "Technically, none of us measured up to a stiff standard," says Wilkie. "We all could have gotten the boot."

"That race revealed all the incredible problems of judging the breaststroke. There is a different style and approach in each country. It's amazing. Hencken was essentially all arms, the Japanese had what amounted to a modified dolphin kick and I depended on my legs."

Wilkie probably comes as close as a man can to conforming to the rules. All of his assorted parts, which were not intended for running, jumping or punching volleyballs, come together for the breaststroke's contortions.

Diaz enthuses—no, rhapsodizes—about his star's highly floatable skinny body, but it is Wilkie's legs that do the job; elongated, concave limbs with a heavy cap of muscle extending over the knee, and ankles loose enough to rotate in a full circle. When Hencken and Wilkie meet, it is pull against kick. Of late pull has won out. As he stands waiting for the gun and the plunge, Wilkie's fists are clenched. He has nothing to say to his opponents. "In the water they are my enemies, and I don't want any pleasant thoughts to disturb the image," he says. As he waits, Wilkie thinks. "I review the field and my strategy. I know Hencken is going to bomb, take it out so fast he'll open a depressing water gap between us. It's his psych. I've got to bomb with him, stay close and then come on, kick home."

At Belgrade, Hencken was expecting Wilkie but could not hold off his charge. A British coach claims the Rocket's arms died in the stretch. More accurately, the record pace killed both swimmers. "I was no better off," says Wilkie. "My arms were dead and my legs didn't feel much livelier." But Wilkie managed to win by a finger-touch in a race in which both men beat 2:20.

Even the moment of glory after the race is often dim and warped by pain.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HELEN KURTZWEIL



COACH BILL DIAZ FINDS WILKIE A PUZZLE

Yet one question has never crossed Wilkie's mind—is it worth it? Worth it! David Wilkie won his Olympic medal on his father's birthday. Afterward, Henry Wilkie told his son it was the best present he could imagine. It had eased the bitterness of recent events.

For Wilkie, the unabashed sentimentalist, the poignant moments have accumulated with the victories. And no moment was as thrilling as when he stood on the victory stand at Belgrade. "I was delirious, shocked out of my mind to think I had broken the world record," he said recently. "Then they raised the Union Jack and played *God Save the Queen*. Suddenly I realized all the Aussies and Canadians were singing. Although I had been thrilled by the record, now I was touched emotionally. To me it was a rare display of empire unity. A moment I won't forget."

After a pause, David Wilkie, whose shoulders could well be slumping under the load he carries—the combined hopes of Britain, Scotland, Sri Lanka, Miami, father, mother and coach—said, "But I guess in the end I would have to say I swim for myself. I swim for David Wilkie."

END

SERVING UP TENNIS TO A FAULT



CONNORS IS THE ACE IN THE CLOUDY MEN'S PICTURE

Because of John Newcombe's quick victory over Bjorn Borg in the finals of last May's WCT championships, NBC was left with a large chunk of air time to fill—and no live action to fill it. So the network decided to run portions of a tape of the previous year's title match between Arthur Ashe and Stan Smith. The replay was rolling when an NBC official noticed what the other networks were showing. There on ABC were Ashe and Smith slamming tennis balls at each other. Since they were still at the WCT tourney, NBC could be sure of one thing about ABC's show. It also was a tape of an earlier match.

This is merely one indication of the confusion that has accompanied the boom in televised tennis. Although the numbers who play and watch the sport are booming, at the highest levels conflicting governing groups seem determined to befuddle the game's new adherents. It is a situation that not only allows Ashe and Smith to show up in three places at once, but leaves fans bewildered over which of their favorites are alive, dead or exist only on video tape.

"Tennis would be a very difficult sport for the networks to fight a ratings' war over," says Chet Simmons, NBC's vice-president of sports operations. "Its history is filled with internal squabbling, and fragmentation remains the game's biggest problem. A fan can pick up a newspaper any day and see so many tennis results coming at him from so many

directions that he has to be bewildered. It isn't at all like golf, where a Johnny Miller suddenly gets hot and everybody can keep up with what he's doing. Tennis is a sport going off in different directions."

Tennis is no longer a minor media boomlet. It has developed swiftly, perhaps too swiftly, into a major element in television programming, and during the next five months NBC, CBS, ABC and the Public Broadcasting Service are going to lob enough matches into

American living rooms to give viewers severe cases of tennis eye.

Five years ago about the only tennis matches found on network TV were the finals of Forest Hills and Wimbledon, and reruns of *Strangers on a Train*. This year more than 50 matches will be shown between March and September.

One reason for television's turn to tennis is a Nielsen survey that indicates 34 million people in the U.S. now play the game compared to 10.6 million in 1970. Another is that tennis shows are less costly to produce than other sports events. And they offer broadcasters a chance to explore a new market. "One thing about tennis is that women who do not care at all about other televised sports get interested in it," says Robert Wussler, CBS-TV's vice-president for sports.

Wussler, who took over a moribund CBS sports department last July, has made the big volleys in tennis broadcasting so far this year. In January he picked up the U.S. delayed-tape rights for the John Newcombe-Jimmy Connors final in the Marlboro Australian Open for only \$15,000. A month later CBS paid a bit less than \$100,000 to televise the Connors-Rod Laver match from Las Vegas and drew an estimated 17 million viewers. While not a large audience by World Series or Super Bowl standards, it was the largest ever to watch tennis, except for the Billie Jean King-Bobby Riggs hype. Recent-

ly CBS agreed to pay around \$600,000 for the rights to a Connors-Newcombe rematch on April 26 in Vegas.

"The ratings on Connors-Laver amazed us," says Wussler. "People were talking about CBS again. The concept of a heavyweight championship of tennis now interests me, even though six months ago I don't know if we would have paid as much as \$25,000 for live coverage of Connors-Newcombe. I see some similarities between a 22-year-old Connors playing Laver and Newcombe and young Jack Nicklaus challenging Arnold Palmer in golf in the 60s."

The important fact for broadcasters and tennis promoters about the forthcoming Connors-Newcombe match is that CBS is charging \$55,000 per commercial minute. That is approximately what sponsors pay for NFL regular-season telecasts. "There's no doubt that tennis appeals to a higher-income audience, and when you play a big match at Caesars Palace, quite a bit of stardust rubs off," says Wussler. "But there are still times when I get mystified about the attraction of the game on television."

One attraction is that tennis is an easy game to follow on TV. It is played in a confined space completely covered by the cameras, and unlike baseballs and hockey pucks, a tennis ball is almost always visible. What most hurts the sport's appeal is the mysterious ragout of blue, green, red WCT and IPA men players performing on a nontop carousel of "classics." Thanks to the Virginia Slims tour, women's tennis is easier to comprehend. With Kang, Chris Evert, Evonne Goelligong, Margaret Court and now Martina Navratilova, Slims has done a lot to make tennis into an interesting TV sport.

The next five months will be critical for televised tennis. Fans are going to be more confused than ever trying to figure out what is live, what is taped and who is playing for what alphabetical championship. And non-players, of whom there are about 170 million, may turn their sets off in disgust and never tune in again. "We've got to get coordinated," Billie Jean King says. "With taped matches you're liable to see somebody playing two or three guys in different tournaments the same day at the same time." We will. Indeed, we have. **END**

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The winners were Mama's boys

Hanging out in a bar helped Iowa capture the NCAA championship

Mama's bar in downtown Iowa City may never be the same. It is there that University of Iowa wrestlers have gone with their problems, have dreamed their dreams and have vowed that victory would some day be theirs. Someday arrived last week at Princeton, where the Hawkeyes won their first NCAA mat title. In so doing they put more than a mere dent in the supremacy of Oklahoma State, Oklahoma and Iowa State, a triumvirate that had seemingly clamped a permanent headlock on the NCAA championship, winning 40 times in 44 previous tournaments.

Fans from more than 40 states were on hand for the three-day tournament, which began on Wednesday at an almost nonstop pace, with 291 bouts to be contested. For Saturday night's finals 9,200 people—a Jadwin Gym record—were sardined in and a sellout crowd of 600 watched the matches on closed-circuit TV in the basement to swell the total attendance to 46,200, a tournament record.

In all, 371 wrestlers from 116 schools took part. Right from the start there was a spate of upsets, with Oklahoma State's Billy Martin, the No. 2 seed at 118 pounds, losing in the opening minutes.

"There's nothing sacred anymore in this sport," said Oklahoma coach, Sean Abel. "These kids have no respect for seniority or placement. There are so many good kids that nobody's safe."

Almost 550 colleges now have teams, and many of their wrestlers are highly skilled even as freshmen. Said Cal Poly at San Luis Obispo Coach Vaughan Hitchcock, "High school coaches used to say, 'Don't teach those moves to my kids. It's too advanced for them.' But techniques and rules have improved, and you see kids using more spectacular moves now. Lots of them go to summer clinics. I had 1,400 boys at mine last summer."

"It all helps," Hawkeye Coach Gary Kordelmeier said. "It's like overfilling a glass of water. Gradually the water soaks into the tablecloth. It's the same with the boys; what they learn now sinks in and becomes part of their style."

And helping Kordelmeier saturate his own Big Ten champion squad is a battalion of coaches. "I have about 16 as-

sistant coaches," Kordelmeier said. "Only one of them is paid, Dan Gable."

Most of the assistants belong to the Hawkeye Wrestling Club, which is largely funded by millionaire industrialist Roy Carver. Club members include 1972 Olympian Jay Robinson and former NCAA champion Vic Marcuzzi, and they work out daily with the Iowa team.

"It gives you a chance to practice against a variety of styles," said 230-pound heavyweight John Bowlsby. "Gable likes to wrestle rough, and when I work out with him he tears me apart."

A Munich gold medalist, Gable is in his third year at Iowa, and his hiring coincides with the team's rise. Comparing his years as an NCAA finalist with those as an assistant coach, he said, "All I'm trying to do here is keep the guys on a fine edge. You've got to get to know each one. I've asked them all, 'Do you want me to push you before a match or leave you alone?' When I wrestled I felt the best thing I could do for the team was if I came through on the mat. Now I have to get involved with all these guys."

"When we start training as a team in September we go for long runs so we can get to know each other," said Dan Holm, Iowa's 158-pounder. "We run all around the campus. We run through the sorority houses and through the girls' dorms. One is 10 stories tall, and we go up a flight of stairs, down the hall, up another flight, down the hall. Then we run toward town. After stopping at Mama's we head back."

Mama's and togetherness notwithstanding, Kordelmeier said, "There is no secret to our success. We just work hard all year round."

Iowa virtually wrapped up the title Friday night with the help of an overtime win by Holm. Physically and emotionally drained after the bout, he flopped on a mat behind the stands and said, "All I could think of during the last seconds was how many 20-second drills I'd gone through to be ready for just this kind of situation. Coach would make me wear three parkas, and he kept sending fresh guys at me. 'How bad do you want it?' he kept saying."

"Our coaches work out with us, and when you see they're as gassed as you are, then you know you can't look for a shoulder to cry on. They also drink with us at Mama's. Don't get me wrong, 95% of the time we have Cokes. We talk things out—our problems and how much we want to win—and it's helped bring us closer together."

That feeling of closeness is particularly important for Holm. "My dad died in a car accident when I was four," he said. "My stepdad had to take on four children and a wife. I owe him so much. You can't pay some people back for the things they've done for you, but after I'd won tonight I saw he had tears of happiness in his eyes. That made me feel good, to know that I had made him happy."

Iowa easily outdistanced defending champion Oklahoma 102-77 for the title with two Hawkeyes, Holm and 150-pounder Chuck Yagla, winning individual championships. Chris Campbell of Iowa was second at 177 and two unseeded teammates, 190-pound sophomore Greg Stevens and freshman heavyweight Bowlsby, were second and third. And the Hawkeyes won without getting a point from Dan Wagemann, a bowlegged 167-pound free spirit who aspires to be a Hollywood stuntman. He was eliminated early, before getting a chance to perform his spectacular specialty, a maneuver in which he leaps over an opponent's head and takes him down from behind. But Wagemann will be back next year. So will all the other Hawkeyes except for Holm, a senior.

Starting this week, though, they will be back at Mama's. Odds are the beers will outnumber the Cokes just this once.

END

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There was still one more race to go, but Dennis Conner, relaxing at the helm of a Cal 40, had already clinched victory in the Congressional Cup, the prestigious three-day match-racing series staged annually off the Southern California coast. Pausing for a quickie celebration before the final start, Conner drank beer with his crew, smiling hugely beneath his broad-brush mustache. As spectator boats tooted and honked, he exclaimed, "This is terrific—even more exciting than winning the SORC."

Though beaten rivals may find it ostentatious of him, Conner can scarcely help comparing his victories, if only to try to keep them all straight. A fellow to reckon with ever since he won the Star class world championship in 1971, the 32-year-old San Diegoan gained wider prominence with his meteoric rise in last summer's America's Cup defense effort, then sailed his new One Tonner *Savage* to the overall championship of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference (SOLARCON) in 1981. And by winning last week's Congressional Cup, his second victory in the event in three years, he left little doubt that he is the hottest sailor afloat.

In many ways Conner's triumph in the Congressional was more impressive than that in the SORC, where the competitors shared the limelight with new hulls and sails. By contrast, the sponsoring Long Beach Yacht Club tries to make the Congressional Cup a test of pure sailing. The format is as unique as it is simple: take 10 crack skippers, put them in 10 virtually identical Cal 40s, then pair them off on a six-mile windward-leeward course out beyond the Long Beach breakwater until everybody has met everybody else. This is a round-robin series—45 head-to-head races in all—and except to note for the record that Dennis Conner's craft was named *Amos II*, the typesetter can spare the italics; in theory, anyway, the boats are unimportant.

What matters instead, given so short a course, are cunning starts, adroit tacks and well-executed spinnaker runs. These skills are mastered early by hotshots in California, where match racing has been popular for some time, but the art has only recently begun to catch on elsewhere. Partly as a consequence, all 11 Congressionals so far have been taken by Californians, among them colleagues and other upstarts who have knocked off illustrious invaders.

As for Conner, his earlier achieve-

Hardly a painless Dennis

Sailing's man of the hour, Californian Dennis Conner, extracted another impressive victory in the match-racing classic, the Congressional Cup

ments in the Congressional Cup—he was runner-up in 1972 before winning the next year—were characterized by sheer aggressiveness, especially in starts. He also displayed the killer instinct last summer in Newport, where he served aboard both *Mariner* and *Valiant* before signing on as starting specialist on *Cowracore*, the defender. By the time Conner returned for this year's Congressional, his reputation had grown fearsome; at the Long Beach Yacht Club's packed bar, discussions of his racing style bristled with words like ruthless, merciless, or, as one rival insisted on putting it, nasty.

At times Conner seemed anxious for a change of image. Asked about an upcoming match, he replied casually, "Frankly, I don't even know who I'm sailing against." And he sailed a number of races in a dignified blue blazer, as though he were the gentlemanly reincarnation of Sir Thomas Lipton. Such ruses might even have worked but for the way Conner tore through his opposition. He won eight of his nine races, losing only to Seattle's Bill Buchan, and one of his crew complained, "Dennis keeps telling us to trim sails even when we've already done it. He gets carried away sometimes." Conner admitted, "Maybe I am a little nasty. I know I don't feel very friendly to my opponents."

For an indication of just how unfriendly he could be, consider the fate of his first opponent, Ted Hood, who shared the cockpit with Conner last summer as *Cowracore*'s skipper. Her victory over the Australian challenger helped Hood sweep Yachtsman-of-the-Year honors for 1974 and this year the estimable sailmaker avoided being completely outstaged by beating Conner in a match-racing series for One Tonners in Florida in January. Hood dared not make too much of it. "Dennis is the best at this kind of racing," he allowed graciously. "But being on *Cowracore* with him, I may have learned a few things from him."

Receiving a fresh lesson in the Congressional Cup, Hood found himself out-

foxed in prestart maneuvering, with Conner crossing the starting line 23 seconds in front. Hood managed to close within a boat length a couple of times but Conner held on to win by 19 seconds. Ashore, the winner crowed, "Did you see my race with Teddy Hood-Hoo? Wasn't that something?"

Teddy Hood-Hoo was disconsolate. "I just wasn't alert on the start," he said, shaking his head. "My timing was off. We were still luffing when we should have been starting to tack." Hood's luck was soon to turn even worse, the problem this time being the churning four-foot seas that met the Cal 40s the second day. The blustery conditions finally forced scrapping the day's racing but not before Hood's boat, getting into position for a start, was devastated by a 30-knot gust. The sign that somebody later tacked on the disabled craft—110 HOOD 3, WITHIN NATURE 1—was overly optimistic. Hood was given a substitute boat but had little time to familiarize himself with it. Racing concluded Saturday under picture-postcard conditions—tranquil seas and southeast winds of 10 knots—and Hood ended up losing five straight races, for a final 3-6 record.

Conner meanwhile was beating back other challenges. After outdueling Hood, he relied up three easy victories only to find his 4-0 record matched by a genial fellow named Tony Parker, who captained Harvard's sailing team in the late '60s. Lightly regarded before the competition, Parker had performed well despite being unhappy with his spinnaker. Making allowances for such things, a race official announced at a skippers' meeting that anybody who cared to could surrender his spinnaker and draw for a replacement, sight unseen. The official called the procedure a "crap shoot," an unwitting pun that cracked up the assembled yachtsmen.

"I wonder if that's spelled s-h-o-o-t or c-h-u-t-e?" one of them muttered. Parker stuck with the spinnaker he had.

Spinnakers turned out not to matter

continued

Coming your way... TIME's issue of July 4, 1776



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BOATING *continued*

much, however. Up to his starting tricks, Conner had Parker floundering far out of position when the starting gun sounded. Conner's boat crossed the line more than a minute ahead and the race, for all practical purposes, was over.

It was later in the afternoon that Conner suffered his loss to Buchan, who was tactician aboard the rival *Intrepid* when Hood, with Conner at his side, sailed *Courageous* to victory in the conclusive race of the America's Cup trials. Losing to Buchan now, Conner suffered a perhaps understandable letdown, but he could ill afford a similar lapse against New Yorker Graham Hall. Having likewise lost just one match, Hall, a notable small-boat racer, was still very much in contention.

For a while it appeared that Hall might have to sail the final day without tactician Andy Rose, a Congressional veteran and one of the few sailors who can hope to outwit Conner in match racing starts. When it came time to leave the dock, Rose was missing. After repeatedly checking his watch and casting anxious glances toward the parking lot, Hall finally headed out into the harbor. Five minutes later Rose arrived on the dock.

"I had trouble getting my car started," he said. "Then I was going 80 on the highways, but I hit every red light." He clambered into a powerboat and was transferred onto the Cal 40 just in time.

The start was lost to Conner by 13 seconds, which was somewhat better, start-wise, than Rose had done with his car. But as Hall's craft approached a leeward mark, a fitting on the spinnaker pole worked loose, playing havoc with efforts to jibe. Then the spinnaker ripped and had to be replaced in midrace. Somehow Hall succeeded in pushing Conner all the way, losing by a scant 23 seconds. It was after this win, the one that wrapped it up, that a jubilant Conner and his crew broke out the beer for their celebration.

Then came the final race, pitting Conner against USC sailing star Benny Mitchell. Conner won it although out-sailed at the start, which had not happened to him all week, not even in the defeat by Buchan. "If you win the start in match racing," Conner says, "you'll win the race 75% of the time." The race against Mitchell was meaningless, but the hottest skipper afloat dislikes losing starts under any circumstances. Next time Dennis Conner may have to take off his blue blazer and get tough. **END**

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Grand Canyon's Forrest (right), Old Dominion's Washington led their teams to tournament wins

Tall men for small titles

Even in terms of the two teams' prospects for divine intervention, last week's championship game of the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics tournament in Kansas City between Grand Canyon College of Phoenix, Ariz. and Midwestern University of Wichita Falls, Texas shaped up as a standoff.

Bayard Forrest, the 6' 10" Grand Canyon center, rejected offers to attend Oregon State, Arizona State and Hawaii. He says he selected Grand Canyon, a Southern Baptist college of well under 1,000 students, "because I wanted to go to a Christian school." Forrest frequently speaks to religious groups on the theme, "You don't have to be a weakling to be a Christian." In Herbie Brisbane, known as The Backdoor Man for his ability to sneak along the baseline for easy layups, Midwestern countered with a licensed Baptist minister.

Secularly, the game was a triumph for Forrest and Grand Canyon, which won 65-54 to run its season record to 30-3.

And Forrest, who had 16 points, 12 rebounds, six assists and four blocked shots in the championship game, was declared the tournament's Most Valuable Player. "It was more than we ever expected," he said. "We came here with the goal of winning three games because that meant the NAIA would pay our way to stay for the last two days and we could watch the finals."

Each year the NAIA rounds up 32 good small-college teams, few of which are known outside their home territories. And the teams invariably have aspects so curious that even early-round losers enjoy staying around to find out how all the eccentricities work themselves out. Among those showing up this time was Coach Jay Bowerman of Malone (Ohio) College, who recruited most of his team by mailing 2,000 form letters to high school prospects and ended up playing post office so successfully that his team kissed off heavy pretournament favorite Kentucky State 85-77 before being

eliminated itself in the quarterfinals.

Then there was Palm Beach Atlantic (Fla.) College, which has no gymnasium, and George Harris, a 30-year-old, 5' 7" guard from St. Mary's (Texas) University. And Edinboro (Pa.) State included in its 21-4 record two victories over Indiana University. Edinboro's victim, it turned out, was from Indiana, Pa., not Bloomington, Ind.

The oddest thing of all about the tournament was Kentucky State's first-round defeat. The Thorobreds came to Kansas City with a 26-2 record, the No. 1 seed and numerous copies of a 168-page press book subtitled "The Time Is Now." For State, it wasn't. Playing listlessly and with as little cohesion as passion, the Thorobreds lost to unseeded Malone.

Kentucky State's defeat threw the tournament wide open. Both finalists had narrow escapes in second-round games. Fifth-seeded Grand Canyon, behind at the half, came on to defeat Illinois Wesleyan 66-63, while Midwestern trailed Norfolk (Va.) State by one with 1:24 to play. The Indians sank four free throws to win 90-87.

In routing 1974 runner-up Alcorn (Miss.) State 88-68 in the semifinals, Grand Canyon got 34 points, nine rebounds, four assists and eight blocked shots from Forrest. Midwestern, which had knocked out No. 2-seeded Fairmont (W. Va.) State 85-80 in the quarterfinals, again resorted to free throws to beat St. Mary's in the semis, hitting on 17 of 20 in the second half for a 65-60 win.

The final figured to be a classic confrontation between the controlled offense of Grand Canyon and Midwestern's fast break and pressing defense. "We've got to hit early to drive Canyon out of its slow tempo," said Midwestern Coach Gerald Stockton. "Then there's Forrest. He's not only tall, he spreads out." Grand Canyon Coach Ben Lindsey figured his team would have a chance if it could keep Midwestern from getting its inside game working.

Midwestern did not hit early or late, inside or out. It made only 22 of 70 field-goal attempts and 10 of 20 free-throw tries. "Forrest intimidated them underneath, and they couldn't shoot well enough outside to hurt us," said Lindsey. When Midwestern sent a defender to help Isaac DeVore, who gave away three inches guarding Forrest, Grand Canyon passed the ball to the free man. He was usually Mike Haddow, who

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

scored 19 points. Haddow's three-point play with less than five minutes to go and Grand Canyon ahead by five put the game away.

"It was a shame to go all the way to the national finals and then shoot as bad as we did," said Stockton. Lindsey saw it a little differently. "Our aim is to defend well enough to hold our opponents' shooting to around 30%," he said, explaining that, while Grand Canyon's victory was divine, it was definitely by his design.

As soon as the NCAA Division II championship game was over, Old Dominion University students appeared with ladders to use in cutting down the nets at the University of Evansville (Ind.) gym. The fans from Norfolk, Va. had arrived last week so confident of winning the tournament that they not only had their ladders ready, but their victory beer party also was scheduled before the first ball was bounced.

By oozing self-assurance, the Old Dominion crowd left the other spectators wondering if this was a basketball tournament or a Broadway production to which Monarchs' fans had had a sneak preview. Before the final game, the Old Dominionites were saying they would whip the University of New Orleans by at least 20. How could the Privateers stop the fast break that had blitzed highly regarded North Dakota 78-62 and Tennessee State 77-60 in the first two rounds? And how could anybody this side of Superman keep wondrous Wilson Washington from leaping through the roof and one-handing the moon?

"Nothing's going to stop us now," said the 6' 9" Washington after intimidating Tennessee State. "We're only 40 minutes away, babe, and we're gonna get it." The trouble was that none of this talk took into account the talents of New Orleans and Ron Greene, its rotund 35-year-old coach.

A notorious snacker, the 6' 3" Greene says he cannot stay out of the refrigerator during the season, when nervous tension gets the best of his self-discipline. This year he ballooned to more than 240 pounds. Last week he went on a diet in a desperate attempt to get into tournament form. "Cookies and milk are my downfall," Greene said. "I eat so many Oreos that my wife wrote to Nabisco to see if I could do a commercial. I haven't heard anything yet. Maybe they'll call if we win the national championship."

Greene would have been back home with his cookies if the left-handed bombs of Guard Wilbur Holland, a strong bench and a lot of luck had not carried New Orleans through two one-point wins in the South-Central region. At Evansville, the Privateers scored an easy 73-59 win over California Riverside, but had to struggle from behind to defeat Assumption 84-73 in overtime in the semifinals. Holland scored 22 points in that game, but the players who saved New Orleans came off the bench. Six-foot-eleven Ardith Wearren, 5'6" Jordan Crump and Ernest Stackhouse contributed 34 points against Assumption.

But even Holland had not outshone Washington. In Old Dominion's wins in the first two rounds, the sophomore was omnipresent—reaching far above the rim to snatch rebounds, booming crisp outlet passes to start Dominion's break and dropping in feathery left-handed jumpers. When he wasn't busy with those chores, Washington was bouncing around on his toes, smiling at everyone in sight, clapping his hands and slapping

the rears of his teammates, his opponents and even the referees.

The son of a Baptist minister in Norfolk, Washington at first snubbed Old Dominion and went to Maryland, mainly because his hero, Len Elmore, was there. Last season he scrimmaged against Elmore all fall and suited up for the Terps' first two games. Then he dropped out of Maryland and enrolled at Old Dominion. "I was just homesick," he says.

When Washington became eligible in midseason, he turned a good team into a championship one. In the regional at Norfolk, Washington even outperformed Morgan State's Marvin Webster, who is likely to be one of the first two players taken in next month's pro draft.

On championship night, Greene's game plan was to have Guards Holland and Nate Mills bomb at will over Dominion's 2-3 zone. Midway through the second half, the strategy was working beautifully. New Orleans had a 68-65 lead and the ball with 8:04 to go. Then as Wearren shot what appeared to be a sure layup, Washington blocked the ball.

On the bench, Greene erupted and got a technical foul. For a few fatal moments, New Orleans lost its poise, and Old Dominion scored nine straight points.

"That was an obvious goaltend," said a red-faced Greene later.

"I didn't goaltend," said Washington. "As soon as he let it go, I got it."

New Orleans eventually pulled itself together, struggled back to within two points and had a chance to send the game into overtime. With a second left to play, Holland fired from the foul line and missed. Final score: 76-74.

While the Monarchs cut down the nets, Greene thundered at his sobbing players, "Hold your heads up, you were robbed." When Washington, who had 21 points and 12 rebounds in the title game, was announced as the Most Outstanding Player, he exploded out of the Old Dominion crowd with the most prodigious leap of the week and wrapped the startled NCAA functionary making the presentation in a bear hug. At last, Old Dominion had shown some spontaneity.

—WILLIAM F. REED

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Getting a taste of Miller's high life

The Intent, mustachioed young man who accompanies Johnny Miller around the course is Andy Martinez, a new breed of caddie, who is enjoying a chunk of his boss' wealth and fame

Picture this: Johnny Miller, bent over an eight-foot birdie putt, a lock of straw-colored hair falling over his eyes, his ascetic, handsome face scowling in concentration. It is a familiar sight, thanks to 11 tournament victories in the last 15 months. But the picture is incomplete without a crouched figure stationed, motionless, some four feet behind the ball.

Andy Martinez, caddie of the new school, as dark as Miller is fair, a skinny Sancho Panza to Miller's Don Quixote, balances lightly on the balls of the blue Pumas that a manufacturer's rep laid on him only yesterday and watches the roll of the ball toward the hole. He seems to be glowering from behind his drooping mustache and heavy eyebrows, but at close range his elegant features are impressive; he is intent upon the effect that grain and slope and speed have on the direction the putt is taking.

Andy Martinez can scarcely believe his good luck. At 25 he is making a better living than he thought he ever would. Last year he earned more than \$26,000,

which, if he were a touring pro, would place him around 90th on the money list, somewhere between Rod Funseth and Dewitt Weaver and well ahead of George Archer, Phil Rodgers, George Knudson and a lot of others. This year, thanks to Miller's fast start—three wins in his first four outings—he has already earned nearly \$10,000.

Martinez likes the money, but he loves the work, and he is known in the trade as one of the best. His feeling for his employer, who is only two years older than he, is compounded of gratitude and admiration and the pride a younger brother has in the accomplishments of the elder. Martinez' own brother died at 20 in a surfing accident. "I was 12," says Andy, "and he was my idol."

Of Miller, Martinez says, "He's such a good person. I tell everybody how considerate he is, how kind. And he's really intelligent. His brain capacity is the main area where he has it over other pros."

Of Martinez, Miller says, "Number one, Andy is a good friend. Number two, he's a hardworking caddie, the hardest-

working caddie on the tour. You can ask anybody. And number three, he's the smartest caddie out there. Caddies used to be stereotyped as dummies, guys who were caddies because they couldn't do much else. But there's a new breed now, and Andy was one of the first of that new breed. He is trying to be the best at his job, just as I'm trying to be the best at mine. That's the key to our relationship."

The fame that engulfed Miller last year has begun to spill over onto Martinez, causing him both embarrassment and pleasure. Wherever the two appear these days Miller is a headline in the local paper and a few minutes at least on the evening TV news; Martinez is a companion piece, a short feature for one of the early days of the tournament. His interviews are usually conducted at the edge of the practice putting green or outside the locker-room door. His pals, like Pete Bender, who caddies for Jerry Heard, and Tom Cronan, who works for John Mahaffey, watch from a discreet distance. Martinez never fails to beckon them over for introductions, and he will

continued



MARTINEZ EARNED \$26,000 CADDYING FOR MILLER LAST YEAR, MORE THAN MANY NAME PROS



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whisper later, "Please get my friends in if you can."

The fringe benefits of even reflected celebrity are gratifying. A lady representing Foot-Joy waves her mink-coated arm at Andy and greets him by name—effusively. A Sears outlet in San Diego takes Miller and Martinez on a tour of the factory and afterward fits Martinez for new clothes. Martinez recently found himself seated, in a rented tux, at a banquet in the grand ballroom of a Beverly Hills hotel. The kid from San Pedro, 25 miles down the Harbor Freeway and a socioeconomic light year or two away from the manicured lawns of Beverly Hills, was bedazzled. "I never thought it would be like this," he said. "I never thought I would be at a formal at the Beverly Hilton."

It's a long way from the days when a caddy was a guy in a sun-faded windbreaker and three days' worth of grizzled whiskers who might or might not show up at the first tee on time, depending on the events of the night before. Most touring caddies are now paid from \$125 to \$150 a tournament and also receive a percentage of their pros' winnings—perhaps 3% at the beginning, rising to a standard 5% or, in some cases like Martinez', 7% or more. A few have other arrangements. For instance, Angelo Argen, Jack Nicklaus' caddy for 12 years, is on a straight salary, plus expenses, regardless of how many tournaments Nicklaus plays. For many, caddying is as much a dead-end job as ever, but for some, the new breed as Miller calls them, there are alternatives and, for a few, even a future. Argen will probably find a place somewhere in the Nicklaus empire when Jack retires. Martinez expects that he will be with Miller when he retires. "The caddies who work for the good players are pretty conscientious," says Martinez. "You work your butt off, but I think you can contribute. It helps to know as much as possible."

Toward that end Andy walks each course as soon as he arrives in a new town, checking its present condition against its condition a year earlier, re-checking his yardages, noting the addition of ponds or bunkers or mounds. Late in the afternoon, after the PGA resets the pins, he goes back out on the course to note the new locations and step off the distances. He works constantly at

learning to read greens. "John is really good at it," says Martinez, "and I try to learn from him. When we have an important putt we're both going to look at it pretty carefully—behind the ball, beyond the hole, the grain, the slope. If, for instance, John thinks the putt is a ball outside the edge and I think it's right at the edge, he might compromise. I try to tell him exactly what I'm thinking. It's a bummer when I'm wrong. I consider that I'm an observer back there. Did we figure it O.K.? Was it a good stroke? That sort of thing."

"When Andy measures distances," says Miller, "he checks and rechecks his figures, and if he finds a discrepancy he'll check them three or four more times. I know damn well when Andy gives me a distance it's right."

Being right can be nerve-racking, though. At last month's Bob Hope Desert Classic Miller hit his tee shot on the par-5 finishing hole at Bermuda Dunes into the left rough and had to lay up short of the green. What he needed to know was exactly how short he was and how to hit his approach.

"The ball was 53 steps past my sprinkler head," says Martinez, "and the sprinkler head is 105 steps from the front edge with 15 more to the pin. Now that adds up to 67 yards. But for some reason I got it in my head it was 77. But it didn't look like 77. I went over and over my numbers and I still got 77. So I showed it to John and said, 'Does this look right?' And he said, 'Yeah, it looks about right.' So he got out his sand wedge and was standing there wagging, getting ready to take it back, and I was still stewing. I thought, I know that's not right. And then it came to me. I yelled, 'Stop!' Just in time. He backed off and changed his swing, ended up five feet from the pin and sank the putt for a birdie. I've had a couple of close ones."

Martinez joined Miller in late 1970 when he was two years out of Fermin Lassen, a Catholic high school in San Pedro. His father Michael was a retired freight car inspector for the Southern Pacific, his mother a small, active woman who had played tennis for Compton Junior College. During his first two years in high school Andy was in the honors group, but after that his interest in academics flagged and sports became his only passion. "If you are a good athlete

in my town people know you," he says. Martinez played golf and basketball. He set a school cross-country record that still stands, mainly, he says, because the school is now closed.

Martinez began caddying in 1968, working for Grier Jones in Jones' first pro tournament, the Haig Open in nearby Costa Mesa. During the next year and a half he caddied for Jones 16 times, but in 1970 an attack of homesickness that sent Andy flying from Miami to California ended their professional relationship. Recovered, Martinez flew to Texas, ready to go to work for Bob Menne. He carried Menne's bag in Dallas, but at the next stop, Champions in Houston, he ran into hair trouble. His dark curly locks were shoulder length, and in the eyes of Jackie Burke Jr. and Jimmy Demaret, who run the club, that made him unemployable. "I don't know, I just didn't want to cut my hair then," he says.

The trip to Texas was not a complete waste, though, because it was during the enforced idleness in Houston that Martinez first talked to Miller. "John understood about the hair," says Andy. "I think he thought it was crummy not to let somebody work because you don't like his hair. It was crummy."

The two finally hooked up at the Kaiser that fall and have been paired ever since. They chatter constantly on the course—about golf, their families, anything. Says Debbie Ortega, Andy's 18-year-old fiancée, "They even talked about my weight once, Andy told me. They discussed what exercises I ought to do." When they are not talking, Andy darts hundreds of quick, inquiring glances at Miller's face, as if trying to anticipate his requirements before Miller realizes them himself. Their dispositions seem ideally matched.

Once Andy wanted to try the tour himself. Even though he does not have many chances to play, he is good enough to have shot an 81 at Riviera from the back tees and was even par on the front nine at Pebble Beach with the pins where they were for the last day of the Crosby.

But five years of observing have made Andy Martinez a wiser man: "There are a lot of guys out here who are really working hard and aren't getting anywhere."

Nobody has ever said that about Johnny Miller's caddy.

END



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Thomas D. Allen

Mirror of My Mood



The red dog is growing gaunt, a little deaf and occasionally forgetful, but his owner remembers the elation, fear and uncertainty that they have shared by BIL GILBERT

There are some fine, bright days in early winter when certain things must be done that are pointless or downright impossible much earlier—butchering, starting hard cider, setting muskrat traps, flying passage hawks. Or perhaps cutting wood. You wait till a powder of snow is on the ground and the sun is strong enough to melt the snow by noon. This day is a time that was anticipated months before. In February trees were felled—tulip poplar for kindling and a quick blaze, oak and maple for steady, lasting heat—the timber cleaned, cut into 10-foot lengths and dragged and rolled down the hill. Now the logs are dry and they are wrestled onto a buck to be cut into two-foot lengths for the workshop stove, three-foot lengths for the fireplace in the house. It is not complicated, not even very hard work. It is rather soothing. On the right early winter day, with dry wood, a level buck, sharp saw, a comfortable ax and enough time, there seems to be nothing that you should or would rather be doing than making firewood. You feel you could go on sawing, splitting and stacking until the woodpile is the size of the Ritz.

An old red dog, Dain, climbs up the hill on stiff legs and eases under the gate. He finds a sunny place on the lee side of the log pile, lowers himself slowly and curls up on a jacket that has been shucked off and thrown there. He remains all day, as long as the work goes on. Sedentary as he is, he is on duty, doing what he has done all his life: being at my heel, on a car seat beside me, on my sleeping bag, under my bed, under my desk. Dain is a companion dog, specifically my companion. Responding to my moods and activities has been his life's work.

Dain watches with mild interest. If he is spoken to or patted during a break, he raises his head and beats his tail on the ground in response. Otherwise he scratches, lifts his nose to catch scents, dozes in the winter sun.

Once he was a burly 100-pound dog who could run by the hour, climb cliffs like a goat, tree a coon and kill it when it came down if that were permitted. Now he is 11 years old and 20 pounds lighter, his flanks gaunt, his hams shaky. His coat, which was once remarkable—a *continued*

solid red-gold pelt the color of fallen oak leaves, thick as a beaver's—is now thinning, and is flecked with white. He is a little deaf, occasionally forgetful.

His age and infirmities have changed the pattern of both our lives. There will be no hard bushwhacking for a while; it would be cruel to ask him. Now it is a matter of courtesy and respect to tell him a little beforehand that you are going someplace so that he does not have to get up or move quickly to follow. To chat, you sit down with him so that he will not feel obliged to leap up, put his paws on your shoulder or, worse, try and not be able to do so.

As he lies against the woodpile taking the sun, he occasionally groans as he shifts position. Some of the aches are the ordinary ones that come to any big dog with age. But because of how he has used himself and been used, the years have been especially hard on Dain.

When he was two we walked 2,000 miles through the eastern mountains from Georgia to Maine. More accurately, I walked 2,000 miles and Dain perhaps 4,000 miles. He explored side trails, ran ahead, returned, lagged behind to investigate curiosities. Since then he has traveled perhaps another 5,000 miles in woods, mountains and deserts, across rock and ice and through snow. His legs are arthritic now, scarred by limestone and ice shards, by barbed wire, by agave, wait-a-bit and greenbrier thorns.

I remember setting off on a hot June morning to cross 15 miles of high, empty Sonora desert. We carried no water because in my pride I thought I could find water anywhere in that country when I needed it. I was wrong. He padded along, heaving his tongue lolling. He followed, very nearly to his death, began staggering under the sun and finally collapsed in a coma. He was dragged and packed the last five miles until we came to a stock tank into which I stumbled and sat, holding his head above water until he revived.

One night we slept by a small lake in Maine. Three trout, cleaned and wrapped in leaves, were cached in the fork of a tree for breakfast. The fish drew a midnight bear. Dain rose and went out into the night, and after some back-and-forth ran the bear off through the spruce thickets, but he paid with broken ribs.

We cornered a coati mundi in a can-

Red Dog

continued

yon on the Mexico-Arizona border. On request Dain went in to roast out and hold the animal. He did so even though the fangs of the coati left a jagged scar running from the corner of his mouth almost to his right ear. He has been kicked by a horse, raked by the talons of an imperfectly manned goshawk, bitten by a copperhead. He has fallen in a mine shaft, had his left leg smashed by a truck.

The signs are obvious that he and his time are all but used up. One sign is audible and visible from the place where the wood is being cut. In a barnyard enclosure across the way 11 puppies are gamboling, yapping and annoying their golden retriever dam. The bitch is young and gay, giving promise that she herself will be a reasonably good dog once she has lost her silliness. But she was bought and brought to the place like a slave bride (because of temperament, size and color) as a mate for the old red dog. The largest and reddest of the puppies is being considered as his father's replacement. This pup and the rest of the litter exist because I have been brooding about the dog I will have when Dain is gone, as he soon will be.

Because early winter prompts thoughts about the ending of things, because woodcutting releases the mind, because of the pups, it is an appropriate time to reflect on the fact that the red dog will not see another early winter, to reflect on how things have been between us, to reflect simply on men and dogs.

That partnership began with jackal-like beasts scavenging from Asian nomads. In time these hunters came to realize that scavengers could lead them to prey, flush it, sometimes hold it. They could stir up such a commotion that no intruder could approach a camp surreptitiously. So, little by little, the scavengers were brought in from the cold, their rations regularized, their young protected and petted. From this primitive arrangement and thousands of years of genetic toptuary work have come the domestic dog, sight and scent hounds, catch dogs, hole dogs, water dogs, retrievers, pointers, guard dogs, sled dogs, cart dogs, guide dogs, messenger dogs, herd dogs. For room and board we have hired other beasts to perform chores: to carry

heavy loads, catch small game, grow fat, lay eggs. However, in complexity and versatility, nothing comes close to equaling the services that we receive from dogs.

The working arrangements between dogs and men are remarkable, but perhaps less astonishing than the capacity for companionship that has evolved. Recently there have been serious attempts to penetrate the inner lives of other species, even to explain ourselves to them. There are dictionaries of wolf, monkey, whale and bird utterances. We have had some success in two-way verbal communication with dolphins and have developed a sign language that can be used between men and chimpanzees. Nevertheless, man-dolphin and man-chimp exchanges are shallow when compared to the capacity of dogs and men to exchange information, respond to each other's moods, know each other's inner feelings.

Dain and I have been good companions, a good example of what is possible. Part of our mutual vocabulary are the traditional man-dog words—sit, stay, come, heel, get it, no. Then there are elementary dog signs—the wagging tail, head in the lap, whine at the door and a variety of yips and barks. As he prowls outside, there is a particular barking response to a stranger passing by on the road, a stranger entering the lane, for people he knows, for those in cars and those on foot. There are certain barks for dogs, for cats and for creatures that are not people, dogs or cats. Dain does not bark in order to pass along specific information, but as an outward manifestation of inner feelings. However, the result is the same as if he were yelling words.

I am usually occupied with natural history projects and enthusiasms. As a rule these involve small mammals. Little by little, through observation, Dain has become a mammalogist's dog. He has learned that I am invariably seeking odd furred creatures and am much more pleased if they are alive and well than mauled, bitten or dead. As we poke about, he lets me know when he comes across an interesting beast, will try to hold it if he can or, if he fails, follow it. While waiting for me to come up he will call out a rough description (usually based on size and formidability) of what he has found—a mouse-type, *continued*

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Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

Red Dog

continued

squirrel-type, raccoon-type, fox-type or deer-type creature. He can be even more specific. During a year that I devoted to a field study of the coati mundi, Dain learned that this was the most prized animal. His coati bark became distinctive.

As time has passed, the vocabulary Dain and I share has become larger and more subtle. One of the first command words any dog should learn is "stay." It is a flat-out order to remain exactly where he is, if necessary until hell freezes over. Dain learned to stay as a pup. However, this blunt command is seldom used between us anymore, being replaced by others that express degrees of "stayness." If I am going to walk down a lane to negotiate with a stranger, I may tell Dain to "stay here," which means he should hang around at this end of the lane, not follow me, but he does not have to remain frozen or immobile. "Stay in the car" means he may not climb out the window, but is free to move from seat to seat. "Stay around" means he can move but not very far. If we approach a woodpile that may have a weasel in it, I may warn him to "stay back," the equivalent of proceed with caution.

Dain will heel through a field of sheep or a chicken yard. He will heel down a strange street, through a yapping ganglet of poodles and boxers. He will heel all day if so asked. At one time he was obsessed with this command. If the magic word was spoken in his hearing, even in a breakfast discussion of dog behavior, he would stop whatever he was doing and rush into position a pace behind. Since then he has grown more sensible about tones and context. And now the term is used infrequently.

From a variety of signs I know when Dain is excited, alarmed, content, fatigued, confused. But he knows all of this about me and more. He recognizes and responds to shades of my anger, joy, uncertainty, fear, triumph, pain, illness, elation, impatience, boredom, satisfaction. During one period we staged large, imtemperate New Year's Eve celebrations. I would get up New Year's Day and take a walk in the mountains with anyone so inclined. Nine years ago no one went with me. The house was filled with ugly reminders of the *continued*



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night—dregs of food and drink, bodies sprawled here and there in ugly positions, making ugly sounds. I whistled up Dain, who felt as good as he ever did, and we started off through the fields, into the mountains.

It was one of those days that John O'Hara had in mind when he wrote that before Christmas suicide weather settles over Pennsylvania and hangs on until March. It was overcast and gloomy. I walked along in appropriate agony, mouth tasting terrible, stomach queasy, head throbbing, and mused on weakness of character and general jackassery.

In those, his younger days, unless requested to do otherwise, Dain ranged widely on purposeless walks. He would gallop through the brush, taking canine pleasure in the sounds and scents he encountered. On this New Year's morning, being so preoccupied with myself, I did not pay much attention to him. Then I looked down and saw him walking quietly at my side, head and tail down, a figure of depression. "My God," I remember thinking, "he has a sympathetic hangover."

A companion dog responds to mood by imitating it, functioning as a kind of living mirror. As the years have passed there have been times when Dain, by his behavior, has shown me how I felt. I might not know how high or low, elated or ornery I was feeling until I happened to catch the manner and mood of the dog.

Love, someone said, is the desire for knowledge of another. By this definition, claims that dogs love men are not so maudlin as they sometimes seem. This old red dog knows me in ways and to degrees no other living thing ever has or probably ever will. A dog cannot counsel or argue or criticize. There is no way for him to express such a thing as "You feel bad because you drank too much and are a damn fool. You will not die; you just think you will." There are times when being the object of uncritical love is probably a very bad thing, but also times when it is most pleasurable.

The responsiveness of dogs is not mysterious. The domestic

Red Dog

continued

dog is the product of selective breeding, a prime purpose of which has been to produce ever more responsive animals. In part it has been a practical matter. The more sensitive a dog is to man, the easier it will be to teach him to do useful work. However, emotions must have entered in as well. Responsiveness attracts. So it has gone for thousands of generations of dogs.

As with any friends, the more experiences they share the closer man and dog will be. Since Dain was a pup there have been few times and places we could not be together. For the better part of four months when we walked the Appalachian Trail, we were never apart. We drank from the same springs, ate the same food from the same pan, slept in the same place, often close together for warmth. Day after day we saw the same things.

A dog is in some respects the best companion to have in the boondocks—better at finding trails in the dark, keeping varmints out of food sacks, turning up wildlife, than a human companion. Dogs do not complain, rush or delay you or spend hours discussing the merits of health foods. They have their own ways of stimulating, comforting and entertain-

ing. One way has always pleased me. An energetic, confident, curious dog will get up several times during the course of a night and wander off to explore. Lacking the proper sensual equipment, you cannot do what he does, but it is possible to enjoy the night through his senses. By way of example: we bedded down one night 7,000 feet up in the Huachuca Mountains of Arizona in a grove of ponderosa pines. It was cold and the full moon was brilliant. About sundown we had surprised a young mountain lion at a stock tank a quarter of a mile below us. When, after sleeping an hour or so, Dain got up to ramble, I thought about keeping him back. He was a fair hand with bears, coons and woodchucks but inexperienced so far as lions were concerned. He went off up the canyon. By and by he barked in such a way as to indicate he had met up with something moderately formidable, of medium size. It may well have been a ring-tailed cat scurrying in and out of limestone crevices. Whatever it was, he must have soon lost it for I heard nothing more for 15 minutes or so. He must have crossed and descended along the far rim of the canyon for soon he was below our camp, running through the pines with the moonlight glinting off his red coat. He came up and sat down beside me, tongue lolling, tail thumping, grinning as dogs do, telling me as clearly as it can be said that he had had a hell of a fine ramble. I rubbed his ears and told him I was pleased for him.

All canines have well-developed territorial feelings; to a considerable extent what might be called their psychic certainty seems to depend upon their sense of having a homeplace. A dog that has strayed is usually a terrified, confused animal. Possibly because of the nomadic months Dain and I spent in the Appalachians, my person and possessions became his homeplace. Ever since he has held to this notion. So long as we are not far apart he is serenely confident that he is home. This overview has enabled him to retain his cool in many extraordinary places: a jailhouse in New

continued



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THE HOT ONE

Mexico, a bear hunters' camp in North Carolina where a pen of hounds was howling for his blood, in the midst of a girls' track team, on foreign streets and trails.

A man-dog pair is an intricate craft product that cannot be bought, ordered on demand or mass-produced. Each pair is a unique creation into which has gone time, patience and feeling. But less and less we have the time, patience and feeling for this work. Each year fewer and fewer men and dogs have the opportunity or inclination to walk together for thousands of miles through the mountains, hunt wolves together, go back and forth together between the house, barn, fields and shop.

We go on breeding, buying and keeping dogs for reasons and under conditions that do little justice to either party. We have come to have some 50 million dogs, an inordinate number of which cannot function as evolution intended for them to function and therefore are a kind of aggravation, reproach, even menace, to themselves and to men. Too often we use dogs as keepsakes, to promote nostalgia. We have changed the world, changed ourselves to the point where it and we are not generally fit for a dog. This is not necessarily bad. What is bad is that we cannot face the fact that we and the times have changed so that dogs are becoming obsolete.

This is not a manifesto in support of rural chauvinism. The country is no better, nobler or more truthful place than the city or the suburbs. Rural living does not make or attract more perceptive or kindly people. To decry the passage of the country life-style because it upsets traditional arrangements between dogs and men is as nonsensical as deploring nuclear weapons because they threaten the survival of the whooping crane. Nevertheless the fact remains that the domestic dog is a creature created over a vast span of years principally by and for country men, for country pursuits and pleasures. It is the place where they have scope and range in which to develop.

There is a neighborhood tavern sitting on a northerly hump of the Blue Ridge, where the long chain peters out in southern Pennsylvania. Coming down the ridge one January afternoon we stopped at this place. I took off the pack and laid it against the tavern porch, told Dain to

Red Dog

stay with it while I went inside. He curled up, dozed off even though light snowflakes were settling on his coat. Sometime thereafter a man drove up in a truck, parked in front of the tavern and walked up the steps. Being careful not to come uncivilly close, he stopped for a moment to speak to Dain. The dog did not cringe, snarl or quiver with false affection. He raised his head, beat his tail a time or two, answered as politely as he could.

Since there were no other customers, the man, who was the manager of an apple orchard, came over and sat down with me at the bar. He asked me if the dog was mine. I nodded.

"What is he?"

"A collie-shepherd cross."

"That's a good one. You don't get many of those solid red dogs. I like the way he handles himself."

"I've had a lot of them. He's the best I ever had."

"I'd give you a hundred dollars, but I guess you wouldn't want to do that."

"No, you know how it is."

"Sure do, but I tell you what. If you ever get any of his pups let me know. Good dogs aren't easy to find."

A year or so later, Dain braced a Navaho cowpuncher who innocently but unexpectedly tried to walk into the cabin where we were living. So efficiently and calmly did the dog discharge his responsibilities that on the spot the Navaho, pulling off an ornate belt buckle won in a bull riding contest, offered that and again a hundred dollars for the dog.

Neither offer was serious, in the sense that neither man expected to enter into negotiations about the ownership of the red dog. Both were, however, graceful, country-style compliments. They were accepted and are remembered with more pleasure than any ribbon won by the dogs I once showed in a ring.

One night in Arizona events occurred giving me a brief, frightening insight into what Dain might truly be worth to me. We were alone in the cabin where the dog and the Navaho had met. It stands on the side of a large empty canyon that has a very bad rock road winding through. Bad as it is, the road gets a fair amount of nighttime traffic. Dope dealers and therefore narcotics agents are active in

these parts. There is an Army post 20 miles away and soldiers, their friends and lovers, occasionally come by simply because it is a lonely place.

This night I was in the cabin working by lantern light on field notes having to do with the behavior of coat mounds. I heard a car below and then voices. Sound travels in this thin air and I heard something about "that light up there." Since it was the only light in the canyon, I assumed my lantern was under discussion. Then there were several gunshots.

There was a rifle in the cabin. We seldom carried guns but this one, ironically, had been brought in the week before to use against a pack of wild dogs running in the canyon that we feared might molest the coats, whose females were then gravid. I picked up the rifle and went outside with Dain. We walked quietly a little way down the trail, which wound through a dense stand of Emory oak. We could hear voices, then footsteps on the trail below, and saw flashlights. Dain advanced, barking ferociously.

"Get the damn dog," I heard, and then two more shots. Without any reflection, I fired once into the oaks and then began screaming threats of violence.

Thereafter the incident petered out. The voices and sounds retreated, shortly a car door slammed and the car started up. I was left shaky, not so much because of the brush with danger, which probably was minimal, but because of my reaction to it. I was shaking because in the moment of red anger it seemed as if I would have killed another man in defense of a dog. Whether anything is worth that price is an enormous question, but it was the price that for a moment I put on Dain.

As I worked away on the firewood logs, thought about the old red dog, watched him, talked to him as he lay napping in the early winter sun, I reflected on another price that I soon would pay, not ask, for him. One day soon, very likely before the spring comes, in any event before his time and feebleness have become a perpetual humiliation and agony for him, I will kill him. A vet will not do it in a sterile room with a needle. If he can he will follow me and if he cannot I will carry him to a quiet place and I will kill him myself. It will be the last thing we do together and the sobs, the sorrow and loss will be the ultimate price.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NITTANY LIONESSES

Sir:

My compliments on your article *Fight, Ladies, Fight!* (March 10). As one who competed in five high school varsity sports (of which cheerleading was the most important in the minds of the administrators) and who now plays field hockey for the University of Connecticut, I have experienced and am experiencing the same feelings as those expressed by the Penn State women. Women who compete in athletics place as much importance on their sport as do their male counterparts. Thank you for recognizing this.

MARLA ROMASH

Storrs, Conn.

Sir:

Pat Jordan has pointed out some of the conflicts in women's sports programs. Since many of the same conflicts exist in minor men's sports, the article was doubly of interest to me. I am appalled at the emphasis on scholarships. Major college sports are big business, and athletic scholarships are simply capital investments in this business. Granted, college athletic associations have abused scholarships, but this does not justify further abuse. Let it be thought that I want to keep women from getting their share of the gold, let me state that I advocate the closing of this gold mine, since it makes a mockery of both sportsmanship and the student-athlete, two concepts it was intended to promote. Let's get support from the schools for all sports, but let's not insist on scholarships, with their attendant pressures to win titles, as part of that support.

DAVID A. EBB

Atlanta

Sir:

Confronted by the bastardization of the spirit of men's amateur sports, it occurs to me that women might well examine whether they want to become part of the collegiate pressurized package geared to institutional aggrandizement. Perhaps, in the interest of the women whom they serve, women's sports should continue to promote individual development and self-discipline. Might not women's sports be separate but still equal and much more philosophically honest?

ROYANNE L. VOSS
Penn State 1970

Union Springs, N.Y.

Sir:

The point of view expressed by Penn State's female athletes is the traditional

Olympic philosophy of sport: participation, friendship and personal growth. Sadly, even the Olympics are dominated today by nationalism and aggression.

What is the function of sport? Is it meant to lead to the lionization of an elite few at the expense of all the others? Is its purpose to create a mythical pecking order of superstars on enormous salaries paid by hordes of vicarious thrill seekers whose interest is manipulated by marketing wizards? The women at Penn State have given us all a lot to think about.

PETER J. MATIE JR.

North Wildwood, N.J.

Sir:

Sherri Landes reminds me of my sister, the late Mary Ward Neuman, who was one of the pioneer women in riflery in 1924-25. As a Chicago Lake View High School student, she fired a 500 out of 500 possible, leading her team to city, state and national titles. She fired on the Dewar Team (the Davis Cup of riflery) against England in 1929, shooting a 395 out of a possible total of 400. She made Ripley's *Believe It Or Not*, was featured on Pathe News, was offered a movie contract and endorsed rifles and ammunition.

"Sure-Shot Mary" gave it all up to go to college. She shares with Sherri the demure, innocent belief that rifles are used only on targets, not people or animals. Alone in the house, she heard unidentified noises and sat on her bed frozen in fear for an hour until our parents came home. Her rifle stood in the corner three feet away.

THE REV. DONALD B. WARD
First Congregational Church

Evansville, Ill.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Sir:

I'm glad you printed Bobby Dodd's opinion of spring football practice in your magazine ("The Rules and Wrongs of Spring," SCORECARD, March 3). I hope my high school coach read the item and agrees with Dodd. We have spring training when most of us would rather be playing baseball, chasing girls or collecting baseball cards.

JEFF JACOBSON

Houston

MOGUL BUSTING

Sir:

What a relief to learn that we are not alone in our desire to conquer moguls (*A Bit of Bump and Run*, March 10). From this day

forth may bump fanatics throughout America unite, perched undaunted upon the summits of such slopes, courage in one hand, insanity in the other. The lunacy of mogul busting is evident, the lift immeasurable and the *esprit de corps* of mogul freaks unmatched. There is no greater bang in skiing. Thanks lumps, Billy Kidd!

LIZ ANDREAE
NANCY BREE

Tenafly, N.J.

BEWARE THE GOLD

Sir:

While your publication is deservedly well-recognized for the scope of its coverage, the article *Growing Weak by Degrees* (March 10) was especially enlightening. The subject of exposure has relevance regardless of where we live. Even we Texans can attest to the need for such knowledge after having spent a January day in the Panhandle. Thanks for passing the word.

B. GEORGE NIELSEN

Dallas

IN PURSUIT OF THE HUCHEN

Sir:

Clive Gammon has done it again! What he did with trout in 1973 he has done with salmon in 1975; *Creeching on the Huchen* (March 3) is a total delight. With Old Jell-lyneck in the pouch and Clive Gammon in the lead, I would salute my 220-pound frame over the thimble of ice in pursuit of the asperilled *Hucho hucho*.

Although he may have let some big ones get away, don't you let the biggest one—Mr. Gammon—get away. He is a master of fishing lore and piscatorial adventure.

JOHN J. HARDING JR.

Honolulu

Sir:

I heartily enjoyed Clive Gammon's story on the little-known yet majestic member of the salmon family, the huchen. The story had just the proper blend of ecology, history and sport and conveyed those intangible qualities that enliven the curiosity of any serious angler.

Perhaps the most important theme of Mr. Gammon's story, though, is the one that is often obscured in most real-life sporting situations: the necessity for a conscious conservation program and an intelligent approach to the stalking and killing of any living thing.

JEFF BEIM

Syracuse, N.Y.

continued

ANNOUNCERS ONLY

Sir:

After reading Richard Johnston's article *The Filings Were Steeper* (Feb. 24) I think the next step in the exploitation of Dick Button's Superstar idea is the Announcers Superstars. Such a competition would draw audiences in search of fun, provide laughs and might even deflate the egos of some of the noted announcers. Imagine the joy of watching Jim McKay ride a bike, Keith Jackson swim, Howard Cosell run the 100 or Curt Gowdy the obstacle course. Of course, former professional athletes like Frank Gifford, Oscar Robertson and Tony Kubek would not be eligible (although Alex Karras might make an excellent obstacle), except for the Network Announcing Team Competition. ABC has a good thing in the Superstars, but misses the point: people enjoy watching others make fools of themselves more than they enjoy watching high-salaried athletes make more money.

MIKE WILKINS

Temple, Texas

PING-PONG PHYSICS

Sir:

While reading your article on Chou's recapture of the Swaything Cup (*Pigs for the*

Bois of Chou, Feb. 24), I was very disappointed by Dick Miles' explanation of the unorthodox serve of table-tennis wizard Hsu Shao-fa. After indicating that one must understand the concept of space and time to appreciate Hsu's style, Miles explains why Hsu throws the ball 15 feet into the air on his serve. The reason, he says, is that the added velocity of the ball increases its mass, thus enabling Hsu to impart more spin to the ball.

This is absurd. Anyone who has studied the space-time relationship could calculate, as I did, that the mass gained by an object through a 15-foot drop would be approximately one ten-thousandth of one billionth of its rest mass. I can hardly believe that this would create a noticeable effect. Furthermore, even if the mass of the ball increased significantly, it is difficult to see why it would be *rare* to apply spin, since the impulse required for an object to acquire a given amount of spin increases in proportion to the mass of the object.

If one were truly intent on explaining the effectiveness of Hsu's unusual serve by the laws of physics, he would be well-advised to study the angular momentum of the ball rather than its mass.

LARRY ORR

Cambridge, Mass.

A VOTE FOR SNOWY

Sir:

Kent Hannon's article about Snowy Simpson (*Twilight on the Wabash*, March 10) evoked fond memories. I was an undergraduate at Pitt while Snowy was a janitor there. I had respect for him as a kind, earthy, knowledgeable gentleman. I remember how I felt at the end of a day's practice: tired, edgy and down. Snowy always had a kind word, a compliment, something to raise up my spirits. The people at Wabash had better not let go of their basketball coach. They'll never latch on to a finer man, on or off the court.

MARK SEGALIN

Bethlehem, Pa.

BROADSLIDERS

Sir:

Brock Yates' article *True Grit to the Last Lap* (Feb. 24) on dirt-track racing was fine. The demise of the Tampa track saddens all of us who enjoy the sights, sounds and smells of dirt-track racing and who admire the skills and courage of champions like Kenny Weld and Jan Opperman.

Opperman is a different sort of guy, and Weld is one of a family of Midwestern racing favorites. I am acquainted with the Welds

continued



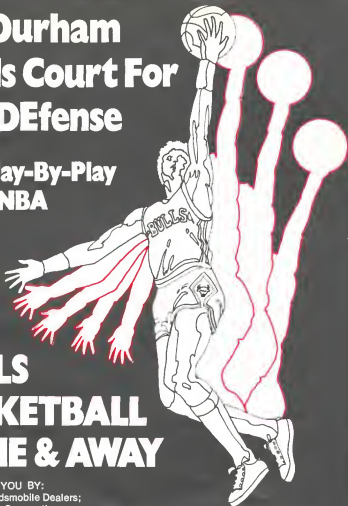
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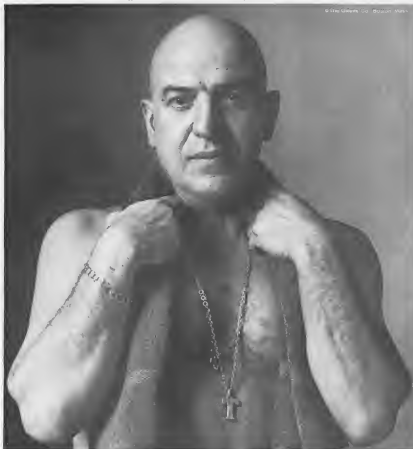


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16TH HOLE continued

and in the '60s was thrilled to see at Kansas City tracks a trophy dash made up of the four fastest finishers in the tame trials—Jerry, Greg and Kenny Weld, and Bob Williams in Pappy Weld's car. One reason Kenny went east to Pennsylvania was to compete with someone besides family for the prize money.

Please, let's have more from Brock Yates, the Hemingway of the wheeled world, and more about dirt tracks before they go the way of the dinosaurs.

JOHN P. SWEET

Morris, Ill.

Sir:

Many thanks for the article on the sprint cars at Tampa. Without doubt, sprint-car racing is the best form of motor sports competition. I attended two shows at Tampa this year, and was saddened by the news that no more racing will be held there. Life must go on, but memories of Tampa will always go brouhahing through my mind.

BOB BLAIR

Dedham, Mass.

Sir:

If you would like to see some real action, I suggest you visit one of the KARS (Key-stone Auto Racing on Speedways) tracks in central Pennsylvania promoted by one of the best dirt-track promoters, Jack Gunn. Here is where you'll see fantastic wheel-to-wheel duels that defy description. The great fire-breathing wonders begin their season March 22.

BEN BARRIER
WHYY Radio

Carlisle, Pa.

DILUTED HOCKEY

Sir:

I find it hard to believe that reader Greg Prince (March 3) really thinks that "expansion is the best thing to happen to hockey since the slap shot." In less than 20 years, we have gone from six major league teams to an incredible 32. It is true that the increased number of teams allows more people to be exposed to hockey. However, hockey is not the game it was even five years ago when there were 12 teams.

Many of the present participants would not have played a few years ago. Recently many expansion teams have done well, but any team that does well under current conditions is just the cream of a watered-down crop. I wonder how many people have seen a real professional hockey game.

MARL PORTER

Amherst, Mass.

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*U.S. Patent 3,065,489



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